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LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Last night came to me from above,
With step as soft and light;
With tones that made my heart-strings move,
And smiles like sunshine bright,
An angel visitant too fair
For mortal eyes to see,
And mine erst dimmed with pain and care,
Seemed changed divine to be.

The cheek which sorrow long had stained,
Then glowed with blissful hope;
The heart that anguish long had pained,
Gave joy a wider scope;
For Love had come, and in my heart,
With folded wing to rest,
He promised never to depart,
And leave a wounded breast.

The morning came with dawn of gray,
My rose-hued dream had fled;
Thus Love hath but the briefest day,
And soon, alas! 'tis sped.

MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

Skale the Scout;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

"THERE WAS A QUICK MOVEMENT OF HER ARM, A FLASH, A REPORT, AND THE SQUARE, HEAVY FIGURE OF THE RASCAL FELL TO THE FLOOR OF THE TENT."

CHAPTER XV.

DUDLEY'S DISASTER—THE WHITE WOLF.

As that sad event in American history usually known as Dudley's defeat, has an important bearing, as will be seen, upon the fortunes of some of the characters of our story, it may be well to give it rather more than a passing notice in this narrative. During the early part of the siege of Fort Meigs, a body of reinforcements for the Americans arrived at the head of the Maumee Rapids, among which was the regiment of Colonel Dudley. The descent to the Fort was to be made in open boats, and soon the whole command was on the river, headed by the troops whose leader's name was so sadly to be associated with defeat. Dudley's men, it had been planned, were to be detached from the main body before reaching the Fort, land on the left bank of the stream, and storm the British batteries erected nearly opposite the American works. As the troops descended the river they heard the booming of the guns of the besieging and defending armies, telling them they were nearing the scene of action and death.

At length they pulled in toward the shore, near the point fixed upon for debarkation, receiving a sharp volley of musketry from a body of savages collected to oppose them. Only one man, an officer, was hit, and without further loss or difficulty the landing was effected. The Indians with a short whoop had fled, and not one was now to be seen. As soon as the whole force, consisting of nearly eight hundred men had left the boats, they formed in three parallel lines, and advanced in silence to storm the batteries. On they went in good order at a quick step, skirting the edge of the woods, till the blazing guns of the foe were in sight. Then with a ringing cheer, given simultaneously by all the men, they rushed forward upon the batteries which, unexpectedly, and as if by magic, became suddenly silent. The soldiers instead of having a desperate fight with the British regulars, to their surprise found nothing to do but to step into the deserted works and spike the guns, the enemy having fled in dismay. Here the victors should have stopped, contented with their bloodless triumph; but too unsuspicious of danger, and elated by their success, a large number, regardless of all military decorum and restraint, rushed forward to find and rout the supposed cowardly enemy. Fatal folly! In vain the officers tried to prevent the rash advance—to recall the troops and bring them into line and order. Across the river on the parapets of Fort Meigs stood a party of Americans, gesticulating wildly and doing their best to warn their countrymen of the danger. The foolish troops—for the moment madmen—thought that those across the river were cheering and waving them on to the attack. General Harrison himself was one of the group, silently beckoning the men to return, foreseeing the terrible consequences of this insubordination and reckless forward movement. The first intimation of peril and ambuscade the disordered pursuers had, was a rolling fire of musketry in the rear of the batteries, accompanied with wild shouts and wilder Indian yells, but they pressed on, and for a brief period seemed to be victorious. The discharges of musketry now grew hotter—the whoops of the savages sounded on every side—the heart of the ambuscade was reached. The scene that followed was terrible. Colonel Dudley was killed and tomahawked, and his men fell by fifties. For a time they fought bravely, but a murderous fire met them at every point, and utter confusion soon ensued. The steady blaze of firearms from concealed combatants, the terrifying yells of the Indians and the shrieks of the wounded and flying Americans made up a most appalling discord. The ambushed men endeavored to save themselves by flight, but at every step the fearful tomahawk descended upon their heads.

"Save yourselves, my men! cut your way through!" shouted a wounded officer, hopeless of escape himself, yet anxious that his comrades should not all be butchered. "Oh, God! that they had heeded our commands." A bullet struck the brave fellow down, and he was trampled under the feet of the panic-stricken fugitives.

On the verge of the bloody fight, or rout as it had now become, not engaged as combatants, cowered two stalwart forms, watching with the intensest interest the progress of events. With sorrow in their looks, they saw that, as they had at first feared, the reckless soldiers, who had placed themselves so at the mercy of the foe, would nearly all be slaughtered. Oh, how those two watching ones had hoped for victory to the Americans—their countrymen. Yet they did not assist in the struggle; first, because they saw from the beginning that disaster was inevitable, and secondly, because they had under their care one whom they could not leave unprotected. These two anxious watchers were our friends Hiram Skale and Tom Williams, and not far from their side trembled the beautiful girl they had, as we have seen, rescued from the savages. Endeavoring to reach the fort with their fair companion, they had succeeded in passing, under cover of the night, the most dangerous portion of the route, when the appearance of a body of the Indians had forced them to retire in a direction which unfortunately placed them almost in the path of the ambuscade. Their position was most perilous, and every moment they had expected discovery and perhaps instant death. Cowering in the shadow of a rock that arched above them almost like a piece of masonry, and around which grew concealing vines and bushes, they had witnessed (for the locality, though affording an excellent hiding-place, was somewhat elevated) the taking of the batteries and the further advance of the troops. For a moment they rejoiced at this movement, for if successful it would extricate them from their dangerous position, but the slight resistance that had at first been offered and the ominous silence that followed, assured the borderers that it was the intention of the enemy to draw the Americans into an ambush, and then attack with a fury that would make up for the lax defence. With anguish the scouts saw those brave but over-elated men rush into the very jaws of death.

"Oh, God! if we could only warn them," groaned Hiram Skale.

"It's no use o' talkin', they're good as scalped, the heft o' 'em already," replied Tom in a cautious whisper. "And I must say they half deserve it. The fools! to run into sich a trap as this. We might, by throwin' our own lives away, manage to make 'em see us, but they're mad and wouldn't mind us. Look across the river thar! them fellers sees the danger, wavin' and beckonin' 'em back; and boil my bones! ef I don't think the greenies takes it for cheerin' 'em on! Thar! that's the first shot!"

"Hiram turned from the direction of the fight to the fair form crouching under the sheltering rock.

"It's a sad sight that's before us, lady. It's death to a regiment of gallant men. When the massacre is over, I fear we shall not long remain undiscovered; it is impossible. We've done our best for you—and if you live, remember Tom Williams and Hiram Skale."

"I have already endeavored to thank you," replied the fair creature, "and I trust you know my gratitude. My own fate may be more sad than yours; there are worse things than death. Your last and greatest kindness to me might be to take from me my miserable life—for if I fall again into the hands from which I escaped, God pity me."

"You are too young, too beautiful to die, sweet lady. You will yet—"

A quick, whispered warning from Tom Williams interrupted the elder scout; and caused him to shrink further back into the tangle of vines that embowered the rocks.

"Lay low," hardly more than breathed Williams. "We're nigh about done for I fear. Ha!"

He sprang up, no longer attempting concealment, for near their hiding-place, to the right, he caught the black, snaky glare of a pair of savage eyes fixed upon him in a sort of triumphant wonder; and just in front of the rocks a party of warriors were gathered, resting themselves after the massacre. Knowing that little mercy was to be expected from the excited Indians, the scout raised his rifle to fire at the single savage—the latter, at the same moment, with a wild yell, hurling his tomahawk and springing forward only to receive a bullet in his breast.

"Here goes, Hiram!" cried Tom. "The lady's lost—and we've jest the ghost o' a chance fur our lives."

"Fly!" cried their fair companion. "Save yourselves if you can. You promised me to do that, when you could no longer aid me."

Tom was away with a whoop and a bound, breaking through the thicket and escaping the majority of his enemies before they fairly caught sight of his flying form. Hiram was not so fortunate. A moment's hesitation had cost him his only chance of escape. The yelling, whooping pack were around him; a tomahawk struck him to the earth, and in another instant his end would have come had not a tall chief interposed, saying, in excellent English:

"Back, my braves, the pale-faces shall live; there has been blood enough shed for the day."

He assisted the wounded man to his feet. His wound was not mortal, though bleeding profusely. The warriors scowled upon him, thirsting for his blood, and murmurs of dissatisfaction at the merciful act of their chief escaped them. Addressing them sharply in the Indian tongue, apparently rebuking them for their unwillingness to accede to his desire to spare the prisoner's life, the chief turned again to the scout, assuring him that no further harm should come to him. In the meantime the form of the beautiful maiden, lying in a swoon of terror, had been discovered and carried away.

"Whom have we here?" demanded the chief who had saved the life of Skale.

The warriors made no reply, save by their looks of astonishment.

"It is one whom I was endeavoring to conduct to safety," said the scout. "I beg that her life rather than mine be spared."

"She is safe; you shall both be unharmed; the White Wolf wills it," spoke the chief.

Surprised by such an extraordinary display of humanity on the part of one whom he supposed would be as merciless as other savages, Hiram Skale looked with wondering sharpness at the face of his preserver. On it the war-paint was thickly laid, but the features were not those of an Indian. The head was shaven, except a long tuft at the crown, but the hair was not the coarse black growth of the aborigines. A look of intelligence and finer courage showed in that countenance, which expressed none of the ferocity and cruelty of his fellows. Beyond a doubt the chief was a white man, who had joined the Indians, and attained to power and place among them, as occasionally has been the case, through the fascinating influence that the Anglo-Saxon under rare circumstances exerts over the savage mind. Whether captive or renegade, of course could not be determined by the scout, but it was evident that the disguised "pale-face" before him was an authority and unquestioned ruler among the savages—one whom he was most fortunate to meet at the present critical juncture.

While Skale had been scanning the features of the chief, the latter with equal interest had been scrutinizing the face of his prisoner. Something in the appearance of the borderer seemed to arrest and fix his attention, and his earnest gaze was protracted until observing the exhausted condition of the scout—whose wound began to pain him exceedingly—he commanded him to lie down upon the mossy rock, and rest. With a groan, the wounded man sank to the rude couch of mossy rock, and for a time all was oblivion. When he became restored to consciousness the chief was still by his side, but the maiden was gone.

"The pale-face will live," spoke the warrior. "His wound is deep, but his life shall not flow out. He shall go to the camp of the White Wolf, and be cared for by the healing men. Can he now rise?"

"I am stronger," answered the scout, placing himself on his feet. "You are kind to an enemy. I did not expect it, but am grateful. Where is the maiden who was with me?"

"She is gone—but to the tent of a friend."

"She has no friend in the camp—unless you, who have proved yourself so generous, will be that unto her."

"Is not her lord—her husband—her friend?"

"Her husband!" ejaculated the scout. "She spoke not of him to me—but only of evil men."

"The great Colonel is her husband. He will protect her. I knew it not until he came to claim her. She has been in the camp before—and rejoiced was her lord to find her again."

"Mystery, mystery," muttered Skale. "Mystery and wrong."

"Come," said the chief; "we tarry; we will go."

They moved from the spot, toward the deep and frowning forest.

"The White Wolf is not of Indian blood," said Skale, wondering if he would be offended at the words.

"Nay," replied the chief, without the slightest displeasure expressed in his tone; "but he loves his tribe and its great leader, Tecumseh. He hates not the whites, though his hand is raised against them. He deplores the cruel war—but he cannot remain from his braves. He seeks rather to save than to slay."

"A noble savage, truly," thought Hiram Skale. "He seems to be a second Tecumseh without his cruelty. However, I haven't much opinion of Injuns." (The scout was relapsing into his border inelegance of language.) "This chief is no more a red-skin than I am. He's done well by me. Tom Williams had better have stayed instead of taking tomahawk chances. Lord! we'll all be gone yet. Cap'n Morris, the Colonel, the Major, Miss Isabel—every body. That sweet lady, too! How strangely the chief talks of her! A husband she has indeed! I wonder what will happen next? There's some deep wrong done that girl. Lord, Lord! how wonderful. The great Colonel, the White Wolf says! Be patient, Hiram Skale, you've known things as strange before."

Thus mentally soliloquizing, the scout followed his new-found friend fully a mile through the forest, meeting frequently groups and parties of both British and Indians, all of whom looked closely at the prisoner—he was of a class known to them and dreaded as their most relentless foes, but none attempted to molest him. He now had time to notice more particularly the person of his guide. White Wolf was of full height, erect and athletic, evidently possessing great physical strength, which of itself would tend to secure him the respect of his savage associates. His age was certainly not more than thirty years, and might be less. His eyes were keen and dark, but had not the snaky glitter of the Indian. His garb was that of a chief of the Shawenese on the war-path, and altogether he made a very handsome and noble representative of the red man's race, albeit at the first fair view of his features it would have been declared that he was not an Indian born. Yet he looked worthy to lead the braves of his band to battle, and it was not to be thought strange that such as he had been chosen a chief of the tribe of Tecumseh.

Apart from the natural interest he took in the man who had preserved his life, Skale already felt a deep desire to know his history. What were the circumstances that led to his forsaking his own race for the children of the forest? Was it fate, choice or compulsion?

"We will go no further," suddenly spoke the White Wolf. "Will the white warrior promise not to leave us, or must he be bound?"

"You spared my life when I expected death," replied the scout. "I will not attempt to escape, even though to remain be to die."

"The white warrior shall not die. He is a Long Rifle, but he shall not perish. The White Wolf is his friend."

The heart of the prisoner filled with a great joy; not only because of this promise of personal protection which he knew would be kept, but because he hoped that his friends who might be in the hands of the enemy would also be assisted by the chief. The captain—the colonel—Isabel—he rejoiced for them all.

What was the secret of the White Wolf's magnanimity? He had a savage name, but not a savage nature. Hiram was perplexed to account for such generous conduct. He was perplexed about other matters too; as he reposed undisturbed in the camp, he thought of the beautiful maiden whom the strange chief had said was called a wife. Who was the "great colonel" of whom the latter had spoken? He could not be as patient as he thought.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIOLA DE VERNE.

The reader, it is presumed, is curious to know more of the beautiful girl who has been called both maiden and wife. While with Skale and Williams in the forest, she had not once intimated that she was the latter, though to be sure she had not given them the particulars of her story, as no suitable opportunity had been afforded for the recital. Her name, she had told them, was Liola De Verne—that, and the fact that she had been persecuted and miserable, was all they had known. That she was pure and truthful both had felt; and they had prepared themselves for a sad story when they learned it in full. Her extreme weariness the night of her rescue, and the excitement and need of excessive caution the following day, had precluded conversation on the subject. Therefore much was still a mystery.

As the White Wolf had said, a British officer of the rank of Colonel had been attracted to the spot where Skale lay unconscious; had recognized Liola, and claimed her as his wife. Bearing the beautiful creature in his arms he had reached the tent of Martin Spike, and the two being well known to each other—companions in fact in infamy—he had requested permission to place his living burden there for a time.

"It has an occupant, as I supposed you knew," said Spike, "but there is room for another. The two may be pleased to see each other."

Imagine the surprise of Isabel Westburn when the marquee was entered, and the fair, and now reviving stranger placed on a couch beside her! Was it a dream? a vision? That sweet, sad face looked with equal bewilderment into hers.

"She is herself again," said he who was known as Colonel. "Present me to your fair friend, Martin, and I will retire, leaving the ladies to form each other's acquaintance." The officer bowed deeply to Isabel, but without expressing any surprise at her presence—he must have felt it, though—and turned to withdraw, saying to Liola as he departed:

"I am glad, very glad, as you will be kind enough to believe, to see you again. I knew I should not lose you. Prepare yourself to receive me, and for the present I will leave you. This young lady will prove an excellent companion to you. How exceedingly fortunate! Society here in the wilderness is not abundant, but, I am pleased to see, very select. Speak well of me, my dear; I will see you again in an hour." All this was said in a heartless, not to say sneering tone, and the only reply to it was a look of mingled fear, aversion and indignation. The two men withdrew, and Isabel Westburn and the beautiful stranger were alone.

The latter was the first to speak.

"Who are you, fair lady?" she asked. "One as miserable and unfortunate as myself?"

My name is Isabel Westburn. I am a captive in the hands of a merciless villain. We are companions in misery."

"My heart bleeds for you, as I trust yours does for me. I, too, am a prisoner—taken by violence from my home, and forced to accompany this wicked man; whom you have heard insultingly address me."

"And he wears the uniform of a British colonel!" cried Isabel. "Shame, eternal shame upon him!"

"He does, and holds that rank, though he has, I believe, no command. He is one of the commission entrusted by the British Government with the barbarous work of arraying the Indians against our countrymen."

"You are then an American, like myself?"

"My home is at Presque Isle."

"What is the name of your persecutor?"

"Col. Alfred Carleton he is called."

"And he dares—he dares"—faltered Isabel.

"He dares to call me his wife," was the answer, with such a blaze of scorn, such a flash of spirit in the eyes, that her listener felt that though slight of figure, and, when in repose, gentle of manner, it was no timid, yielding girl who was before her. "He dares to call me his wife," she repeated with increasing excitement; "he forced me through the mockery of marriage, and calls me by his name. Yet he has not dared to approach me, save as he has done to-day. He knows I will slay him if he drives me too far. I am not his wife, but wear my honor and my own pure name—Liola De Verne."

"It is terrible!" said the shocked and sympathising Isabel. Oh! God, give me Thy protection," prayed the poor girl, remembering her own position. The face of Liola, glowing with a burning sense of the deep wrong done her, suddenly assumed a softer expression, as pity for her companion welled up in her heart.

"Poor thing!" she sighed. "I did not dream there was another so wretched as I." Tears startled from her sloe-black eyes, and clasping her companion in her arms the two persecuted girls grown so suddenly and strangely dear to each other, wept as only hearts as full as theirs can weep.

When their emotion had somewhat subsided—oh, blessed relief of tears! each anxious to know more of the sad circumstances of the other's case, the mutual questioning and answering was resumed. Isabel narrated the story of her capture and the sufferings and adventures that followed, and in turn her companion informed her of her own misfortunes.

"My home," said Liola," as I have told you, is at Presque Isle. It is an humble one, but until the terrible war broke out I lived there very happily, though I had no friends, no companions but the simple couple in whose care I was. These, though plain, and so far as I know, poor, are refined and scholarly. You would not think it, Isabel; there in that lonely settlement are to be found two persons whom you might find, one in a monastery and the other in a convent, or together in some quiet town of learning, but would not expect to discover on the frontier. They are not my parents. I have none that I ever knew, but they are as much to me as father and mother. They have educated me, cared for me as for their own child; and now they have lost me. Oh, my dear, dear foster-parents! I shall never see them again. I shall die here in the wilderness, and you will seek your darling in vain, for you do not dream of her fate; you would never guess that she is with this horde of wicked men, far in the heart of the vast wild woods."

She paused, overcome by her emotions. Isabel tried to comfort her, thinking all the time what a romantic story she had been hearing. After a time Liola resumed:

"There is a mystery in my life, Isabel. I am sure I did not always live in the forest, but when I try to think of my other home, all is so dim and dreamy and perplexing, that I am forced to give up the endeavor to remember it. And another thing; years ago when I was a very little child, I am sure I saw this same Alfred Carleton, who has villainously tried to make me his wife. Why should he seek me out again? Abduct me and persecute me thus?"

"It is very strange," her listener answered, deeply interested.

"I am no fit companion for him," the beautiful Liola resumed. "He is used to the world and to grand society. I am but a simple forest child. Why could he not have left me in peace?"

Simple, she may be, thought Isabel, but lovely and original. Liola De Verne was indeed a being of extraordinary beauty and personal attraction. Her form, though slight, was faultlessly moulded; and distinguished by a grace that a goddess herself might lack. Her every movement was harmonious and soft. Gentle she was in manner, yet without a touch of langour. Her features were classically regular; her eyes black as a stormy midnight; but through their darkness shone the light of a strong, heroic soul. Her hair was rich and abundant, falling about her shoulders in thick, glossy masses, of a hue darker, if possible, than the raven's wing. Her complexion was very clear, though olive, rather than pure white. Her cheeks wore the red and the white rose mixed, and her lips were so deeply, deeply crimson, you would think their kiss would stain. Her bearing was that of innate, unconscious pride, though a peculiarly winning expression of countenance dissipated all thought of *hauteur*. Such was Liola De

Verne, whose patrician name hinted of the lordly hall, or the chateau, rather than of the cottage or the cabin.

"Your story has deeply interested me, Liola."

"Call me, Lio, Isabel; that is what they say at home. At home!" she repeated, sadly.

"Well, then, dear Lio, I must say that your story is a very wonderful one; though my wretchedness is so great, I have almost forgotten it in listening to you. How strangely we are thrown together! What shall we do, Lio? Oh, what shall we do to save ourselves from those who have us so in their power?"

"We must act in the future as I have done in the past. I warn you, Isabel, not for one moment to suffer your spirit and strength to fail you in the presence of the coward who seeks to harm you. He *is* a coward, as all villains are, and will not be too bold toward one he knows he has wronged. I will kill Alfred Carleton, and he knows it, if he pushes me to that desperate verge. Our condition is most pitiful, most forlorn, but we are not lost yet."

"Alas! if my father or Earnest could only assist us!" sighed Isabel.

"Who is Earnest? You have not mentioned him before," said Lio.

Isabel colored slightly, as she answered:

"I have spoken of him as the Major—that is his rank."

"I know the rest now," smiled her friend. "And you say he is a prisoner?"

"Alas! yes; and I know not what may be his fate."

"The savages are very cruel. They slaughtered many of our countrymen this morning. Oh, horror!" and the speaker shuddered at the recollection of the scene she had been forced to witness.

"I heard the noise of the battle, and the triumphant yells of the Indians near its close. I knew our poor fellows were beaten," said Isabel. "It is terrible."

Up to this time, though Liola had narrated the manner of her rescue by Skale and Williams, she had not once called their names. Not that she had forgotten them, for she now, in connection with the subject of the massacre, mentioned both.

"Skale and Williams, do you say?" cried Isabel, excitedly. "Thank Heaven they yet live! They are noble fellows, and belonged to our unfortunate party. But—but—" she faltered, thinking of the peril to which they must have been exposed at the time of Liola's recapture, "I have been too hasty. They may be dead; you do not know that they escaped?"

"Alas! I fear they did not," answered the other. "How doubly sad, since they were also your friends. I entreated them to fly—it was madness to remain—and the younger bounded away, but I fear he fell, for his foes were thick around him."

"And the other?"

"Was certainly wounded; I knew no more until I was carried here."

"Brave, generous Hiram Skale! A true heart has ceased to beat if he is dead."

"They were, indeed, gallant men. It is possible that they may yet live, but their escape must have been miraculous. Can it be, Isabel, it must," Liola suddenly exclaimed, after a brief pause, "it must be that *you* are the lady of whom they were in search when they rescued me! I had not thought of it before; and no wonder, for our poor brains are nearly turned with excitement."

"It is as you say," said her companion. "The two men were no doubt ranging the forest in the hope of finding and rescuing me. Faithful even to the sacrifice of their lives were they to me and to their promise."

Just then a tapping sounded at the front of the marquee, and the half-breed, who had been the unconcerned and silent witness of this interview of the two captives, arose and went to admit the applicant.

The voice of Martin Spike was heard questioning her outside. He did not, to the great relief of the prisoners, enter, but soon went away.

"The hour that was given us has been long," said Liola. "I expected the coming of Alfred Carleton ere this. Will we be separated, I wonder? I will plead for your companionship, dear Isabel, and they will perhaps grant that."

"Oh, I must not lose you, Lio," cried the elder girl. "Your presence is a protection. Can they be so cruel as to part us?"

"They are base enough to do anything, if they dare. Alfred Carleton affects to ridicule my threats, but he fears me for all that, and not without reason."

"Here, Lio," said Isabel, "take this." Unseen by the squaw, she slipped into the hand of her friend one of the diminutive weapons her father had given her. "It may serve you well if we cannot remain together."

Liola quickly hid the pistol in the bosom of her dress, looking her thanks for the valued gift.

Again voices were heard outside—and again the woman went to the tent-door.

This time Martin Spike and Alfred Carleton were both there—and they entered, the latter smiling with sinister satisfaction. He was a man of not less than fifty years of age. His hair, plentifully sprinkled with gray, and his moustache, almost snow-white, indicated a greater age—but his face was fresh and unwrinkled; and though, in the particular mentioned, he was in appearance venerable, it was evident that he was not old. As may be supposed, his countenance was not a pleasing one. His features were regular, and might once have been handsome, but a sensual coarseness marred their expression, and behind this lurked a sinister look that bespoke his real character. No pure-minded person could behold that face without instant distrust and aversion. The eyes were large, and their gaze powerful, apparently, until they met the steady look of honesty; then they fell—for the soul of the man was cowardly. Only as a tyrant or oppressor, could he be strong. This individual, whose very presence seemed to presage evil, on the strength of a forced and fraudulent marriage dared to call the pure and spirited Liola De Verne his wife. He addressed her now by that title.

"I reject, as I have always done and always shall do, your villainous claim," she cried. "In the presence of this new witness I denounce you as a felon and a creature of baseness."

"There, there! my dear," he interrupted; "spare your eloquence." He pretended unconcern; but a flash of the sinister eyes showed that he felt the stinging words of Liola. "I have come to inform you that other quarters are provided for you—they are not distant—and you must remove to them without delay. If you two were to be left together, I fear you would soon plot your way to liberty."

"You will not separate us?" she asked, with a pleading, anxious look.

"Oh, you can be of softer mood," he sneered, "when you have a point to gain."

Her spirit was instantly up. She saw that it was hopeless to expect the precious favor she would ask.

"I will go with you," she said, very calmly. "Isabel, we shall see each other again, I trust."

"Oh, yes; no objection to that," interposed Carleton, "only I think it well that you should not be too much together."

"If you were not utterly base, you would grant such a simple and proper request," said the brave little heroine.

He who called himself her husband only smiled. Liola arose to go, pressing a kiss on the lips of the distressed and disappointed Isabel, and whispering a few words of comfort and encouragement in her ear. Then she went out, her friend accompanying her to the door. It was near sunset. The golden light of the spring-time sky was darkened by the forest shades, and it was almost twilight in consequence, but objects and faces could still be plainly distinguished. Embracing the departing girl, Isabel Westburn, in turn, breathed a word of cheer, and was turning, sadly, to enter the tent, when she heard footsteps near, and looking up, saw a group of whites and savages approaching. She glanced at the faces of the former, all of whom appeared to be prisoners. With a cry of joy, she recognized one of them, he, at the same moment, with a similar expression of pleasure, showing that he, too, had seen, unexpectedly, the face of a friend. And Colonel Alfred Carleton appeared to know the prisoner, but the sight of him did not seem to be agreeable, for he looked, first surprised, then pale and alarmed, then vindictive. Martin Spike drew Isabel into the marquee, and with nothing between the two who had thus met but that glad, mutual glance of recognition, the party passed on. The prisoner whom Isabel had recognized was none other than Hiram Skale, being conducted by some of White Wolf's trusted warriors to a place of confinement for the night.

"That man alive yet!" muttered Colonel Carleton, savagely. "I thought him dead, years ago. He is one who, if he live, may some day make me trouble. He shall *not* live; he long since deserved my enmity, and now he shall feel it."

Liola, as they passed on, noticed the scowl on his late sinister, smiling features, and wondered what had caused it. She had not recognized Skale—had not seen him, rather—and little dreamed that the man who had rescued her from the savages in the forest, was near, and possessed a power, though a prisoner, over her oppressor, that made the base man tremble as he thought of it.

Skale, recognizing the unmistakable Carleton at once, also trembled, as he remembered how in other days they had met, for he knew the man would call himself his enemy. More to be feared than any savage foe was Alfred Carleton.

"And this man," thought the Scout, "has discovered Isabel Westburn and Liola De Verne. Heaven help the lambs that are brought into the presence of such a wolf! And Heaven help me, for that look on Carleton's face told me he knew me, and hated me still. Isabel is yet alive, but how sad must be her situation! She saw me, the poor, tried girl! And Liola, let me think, let me think. How very strange is this!"

Such were the mentally spoken words of the Scout, as he passed from the spot. Alfred Carleton and Liola De Verne, by this time, had reached a second marquee.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARTIN SPIKE SPEAKS—IS ANSWERED TO.

Liola was gone. With an unutterable sense of her weakness and loneliness upon her, Isabel Westburn turned from the twilight that veiled the vanishing forms of her friends, and entered her canvass prison. Martin Spike, to her dismay, followed.

"You will permit me to be alone now?" she said in a tone of some entreaty, though not without firmness. "Since my unfortunate friend could not be permitted to remain I prefer no company whatever."

"My society, I perceive," returned Spike, "is not agreeable to you, though I hope in time to overcome your indifference, not to say dislike. For an hour I must insist upon your toleration of my presence. I have something of great moment to say to you, and now is an appropriate time to speak."

"Martin Spike, if such is your name," interposed the captive, "I must ask your immediate retirement from this place. You can have nothing to communicate to me that can be for my good."

"Patience, patience, fair lady, if you please," he said, with ominous calmness. "Or, if you prefer to excite yourself, and in advance of any proposition I may make you, to become defiant and disdainful, why I can only say that such animation will become you wonderfully. Your spirit I have observed, is fine, and you are capable of a glowing expression. Isabel Westburn, you are very beautiful."

"You are insulting!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Of course," he went on with wicked blandness, "it is presumed that I am not unsusceptible to your charms; in fact so deeply am I smitten already, that I venture to propose that your permanent favor be extended to me. In short, my dear Isabel, I ask you to become my wife." A proposal of marriage made thus, Isabel felt could not be sincere.

She had expected this from the first; she had prepared herself for it; but she had not thought that the words and manner of the villain would be so utterly heartless and insulting. She was horrified at the cool, even baseness of the wretch. Controlling herself to the point of calmness, she answered:

"I have nothing to say to so infamous a proposal but to command you to leave me at once."

"You refuse me then?"

"Refuse you: I have not even listened to you, except to comprehend your villainy."

"Beware, girl! Consider your position," he hissed.

"I forget nothing."

"You are entirely in my power."

"Villain! to remind me of it!"

"Your only safety is in accepting my proposal."

"Were it really meant, I would die first. Look me in the face, Martin Spike." She moved forward so that the light of the lamp that had been brought forth by the half-breed, fell full on her fair, indignant countenance. "Look me in the face if you can, and say that you are not a false and lying knave. Ah! you cannot! you cannot meet the look of a pure and insulted woman! There!" she cried with scathing scorn, pointing to the half-breed. "*She* is a fit companion for you, perhaps your wife already."

The eyes of the scoundrel glittered with a fearful anger. He moved forward as if to strike the beautiful brave creature who had so enraged him.

"Not another step!" she cried, in a tone of such deadly warning that he paused in sudden fear. Her hand was in her bosom, clutching the unseen weapon. How bitterly he felt the defiant, contemptuous words he had uttered; the more so because he knew that the stolid, ignorant mongrel was indeed a more suitable associate for him than the superior being he had so insulted. Again he advanced toward her.

"Back!" once more she cried, resolved if he came nearer to defend herself.

"You are armed!" he exclaimed, turning slightly pale.

"Leave me!" she commanded.

"By heavens! girl! but you are brave!"

"I am desperate," she replied, "and again, and for the last time, I order you to go from this place."

He saw the look in her face, and sprung toward her like a panther. There was a quick movement of her arm, a flash, a report, and the square, heavy figure of the rascal fell to the floor of the tent. The half-breed screamed, and rushed outside, leaving her master groaning at the feet of the heroine.

"Have I killed him?" thought Isabel. "I would not have his blood upon my hands, vile as he is, and unfit to live. Ah! he revives! Shall I flee or remain? Oh, my God assist me! Hark! there are footsteps."

The marquee was entered by two or three excited persons, among them Colonel Alfred Carleton.

"Ha! what is the meaning of this?" he cried. "Girl! what have you done?"

"I have slain a villain and coward, it may be. Look to your friend, I beg, for his miserable life may not yet be gone."

"The young lioness," muttered the officer, bending over the form at his feet. "She is worse than the other one. Martin, Martin, this is bad."

The body, faintly breathing, was lifted to a couch, and the wound examined.

"It is not fatal," said the surgeon who had just arrived. Isabel heard the words, and then unable longer to bear up against the terrible strain her nerves had been enduring, with a low moan she fell forward, unconscious.

"Attend to the lady," directed Carleton, addressing in the Indian tongue the half-breed, who had returned.

"Doctor," he continued, to the surgeon, "can my wounded friend be removed with safety, do you believe?"

"I think so. The ball has touched no vital part, though the shock was great."

"We will then have him conveyed to a neighboring tent. Hang that girl, she must be a perfect tigress. Ha! Martin, you have revived."

The wounded man had raised himself to a sitting posture and was looking in some bewilderment around.

"What does it mean?" he asked rather wildly. "Am I hurt? Ah, I remember!"

The thought of having been balked and beaten by a woman was decidedly mortifying, and he was glad to sink back and hide his foolish and chagrined countenance in the shadows.

"We will remove you, Martin, if you please, to the next tent," whispered the colonel.

"If you think best," he said in reply, "but keep a close watch on the girl; she shall not escape me. You have the other, and this one is mine."

He was lifted from the couch of furs, and borne gently from the place. He groaned with pain as he was carried along, though, if he could have commanded the breath, he would have indulged in cursing.

Isabel reviving, found herself once more alone, except that the half-breed still attended her.

"I have saved myself for the present," she reflected, "and I have taught Martin Spike a lesson that will cause him to at least fear me in the future. He knows my spirit now, and I trust that he will profit by his experience. I am glad I did not slay him, yet if he approach me again, I will not hesitate to defend myself as before. My weapon, they have taken it. I have no other. Heaven grant that I shall need none. Oh, Liola, were I only with you!"

Exhausted by her long excitement, the poor girl fell back on her couch, and after an hour of nervous tossing and turning she sank into sleep, and woke not until the morning light was streaming on the canvass walls that surrounded her. A stronger sense of her misery than she had yet known came over her. "I cannot much longer endure this," she groaned. "Oh, father, Earnest come to me if you live. Dear Lio, let me not forget you. Oh, if we could only escape—or die."

But the day passed and nothing occurred to give her hope. Nor was she permitted to see her fellow-captive—Liola.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

The poor old sexton was full of dark suspicions as to his fate, although he did not know that his foe was so near him.

"I will conceal these papers where none shall find them," was his thought, "and no one will ever know it. Hugh Hatterick will then be afraid to kill me. If he kills me, then he loses the great secret forever."

At this moment, the moon being in its full, a piece of stone or some rubbish fell clattering down the wooden staircase, and caused him to look round.

When he did so, he stood for a moment as if transfixed, and then he fled away with a shriek so dismal and shrill, that the birds who made their nests upon the belfry quitted them with wild cries, and swooped away to the trees. For that moment in the moonlight he had encountered the terrible, ghastly face of Hugh Hatterick.

The wrecker was after him in a moment. But he made little progress at first.

The sexton, though so old and decrepid, was well acquainted with the place, and his terror seemed, moreover, to lend him wings.

The top of the church, in fact, was not a pleasant place for any one to run quickly along, if unacquainted with the locality. I have before mentioned that there was a wooden staircase running up the side of the edifice, and leading to the belfry. Then again there was a second staircase, almost a ladder, only that it boasted a hand-rail, which communicated with a narrow pathway, as it were, along the roof.

Along this it was that the old sexton fled when he caught sight of the features of the wrecker, and Hugh Hatterick followed, as I have said, with all the speed he could.

There seemed, truly, no help for the old man. The pathway on the other side of the church had no staircase leading to the ground, but only one which again communicated with the belfry. But in his extreme terror he could not, of course, think of this; his only idea was to rush away, anywhere, anywhere out of the sight of that face on which murder was so plainly written.

"Curse him, he will escape me now," cried Hugh Hatterick, as he stumblingly dashed after him; "by Heaven! I will kill him though, if I have to do it in the sight of all Trevegar."

The man's worst blood was seething in his veins, and as he drew his knife and gazed after the poor old man, his face was hideous to look upon.

At length he neared his victim. It was near the staircase with the hand-rail, the one that led to the belfry.

"Ah, ah!" cried the wrecker, "I have you now."

With a yell like one of the accursed spirits, the sexton sprang forward and reached the summit.

But even this was of no avail. The summit of the belfry was not sufficiently large to contain a bell, and he had, therefore, to commence a rapid descent on the other side.

"I will alarm the neighborhood," he cried, or, rather, yelled, as he descended; "all Trevegar shall know who is the murderer." Hugh Hatterick made a desperate grasp at him, but he once more evaded him, and succeeded in reaching the door and undoing the latch. Then, aided by the light of the moon, which streamed in through the open portal and the windows, he succeeded in rushing to the spot where the rope of the bell dangled in mid air.

In another moment the great iron tongue was sending forth its message of Death, tolling dismally out over the wide sea, startling people in their beds and rousing up the whole town.

But only for a moment did the steady tolling last. After this it became fitful and uneven, and then ceased. The poor old man had come to his terrible death.

A noise of hurrying feet was heard along the road. Hugh Hatterick eagerly searched in the pockets of the old sexton until he came across the bundle of letters, or rather the diary of his brother, and then, as the sound of persons approaching came nearer, he hurried away. Feeling as if the angel of darkness were pursuing him, he rushed down the wooden staircase with his precious bundle of papers, and tumbled headlong behind a huge grave-stone, just as some half-dozen of the townspeople came rushing half-dressed into the churchyard. Here he remained in concealment for awhile till all the stragglers had rushed into the church, and then away he slunk into the darkness.

The Trevegar people, albeit they might be affected with superstition, were by no means cowards, and so, although the church was dark, they dashed in, and in a few moments they had surrounded the old man.

"He is dead," said one.

"No: he's fainted."

"I tell you he is dead," cried the other; "bring a light, and then we'll soon see."

In a few moments a lantern was lit, and there, to the astonished gaze of the villagers, lay the form of the old man.

"Good heavens!" cried the Harbor-master, for he and his son were among those who had rushed towards the church when the strange tolling had awakened the neighborhood; "good heavens! there is murder here! See how the blood lies red and thick upon the floor! I am a madman, and I give you all leave to call me so, if I cannot name the man who did this deed!"

"Who is it? Name him?" cried several.

But the Harbor-master had said enough. More than enough for his own peace of mind. He glanced fearfully round, as if in the dark shadows he expected to see the form of his great enemy. But though he saw him not, he kept silence.

"No, no," he said, with a shudder; "I did but dream. I was not here, and did not see it done, therefore I cannot know; but this I *do* know, that this most foul and terrible murder has been committed by the author for no better purpose than revenge."

While the Harbor-master had been speaking, the villagers had succeeded, not without great efforts, in unclasping from the rope the dead hands of the old sexton.

Poor old man! In his life he had been so thin and yellow and shrivelled, that he had looked well nigh a fit claimant for the grave; and now, no one, who had seen him in his sleep, would have imagined that the great change had come upon him. They bore him gently away out through the still churchyard, where his spade had dug so many quiet homes for their friends and relatives. Gently now, for now that he was dead their fear of him was gone. Never more would they tremble at his laugh and slink behind doors as he passed by lest his shadow should fall upon them. The old man, good or evil as he might be, had gone to his last account, and as they placed him on his rude bed in his own silent, lonely room, there were many lowly-breathed curses uttered by strong men against the coward who had done the deed.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT.

"On the third night," Richard Langton had said to Hugh Hatterick, when he parted with him at the ruins, "meet me on the terrace at Heathersley Grange."

It was a bold deed that which he now contemplated. Bitterly cruel as had been the will concocted by Sir George Heathcote, yet it was useless, he knew now.

As long as the mortgage deeds remained in the power of the Heathersleys, he knew well that he himself was a mere cypher. He had no conception of honor. It had never, in fact, run in the family, and he certainly could not be accused of having ever attempted to introduce it. He imagined nothing to be easier than for Henry and his father to destroy the deeds which proved their debt, and thus clear away forever their responsibilities. He would have done so in his own case, and why should not they?

This was his way of reasoning. So he resolved, as I have said, upon a desperate course of action. Unexpected obstacles, however, arose before him.

The duel with young Heathersley—almost bloodless though it was—of course precluded all possibility of returning to the Grange. He had, therefore, to a certain extent, the ground cut from under his feet.

But he was a man of many resources. He sent to the Grange; and in a letter which explained to Sir Digby his version of the story, he asked to be allowed the pleasure of an interview with him on the very night which he had settled upon with Hugh Hatterick as the one for the meeting on the terrace.

Sir Digby could, of course, know nothing of this. He had, in fact, a fear of the man. Who could blame him? He had fallen from one trap into a more terrible and hopeless one still.

With Sir George Heathcote he had hoped it would be possible to arrange matters in the end; because, cruel as had been his will, and ardent as had been his determination to keep to its very essence, there was just the chance that his hard heart might have melted. But with Richard Langton the case was different. He was a man of cold, deliberate villainy—a man living for himself, and himself alone; an unbeliever; a traitor—and from *him* no mercy could be expected.

So, as I have said, Sir Digby had a kind of fear for this treacherous snake; and, although he well knew of his son's rightful, manly part in the duel on the cliff, he felt himself compelled to receive the visit of him who had all the heart but not the courage to be an assassin.

Langton came boldly enough into the Grange. This was not what Sir Digby Heathersley meant. With a father's true love for his son, he did not desire Henry to be aware of the fact that he would receive a visit from one whom he had fought for honor but a few short hours before.

But Langton—chill-hearted man of the world as he was—cared nothing for a father's feelings, having nothing to fear, and caring, as I have said, for no one but himself, walked into the Grange as if on his usual terms, and entered Sir Digby's room after being announced by the servant.

Sir Digby rose nervously.

"I am sorry, very sorry," he said, "that it was necessary for you to enter the Grange thus publicly."

The Heir-at-law raised his hands deprecatingly. It was part of his plan.

"Why," he said, "of what have I to be ashamed that I should enter secretly?"

Sir Digby drew himself up, and placed his hand on his breast, as if to still the too tumultuous beatings of a heart overcharged with pride that he dared not show.

"Mr. Langton," he said, "remember *one* thing. Low as I may fall, I am still Sir Digby Heathersley, the heir and holder of an unsullied name, and a man who understands and appreciates the position of a father to a noble-hearted and brave son. You insulted him. Nay, let me speak. At any rate, *he* thought so, and upon the cliffs the other morning you met to settle differences. No matter how things ended, my son is your enemy, and considers himself aggrieved by you. Therefore, how can you expect that I desire the world to know that *I* receive you here as my friend when you are *his* foe?"

Richard Langton smiled. "Yes, yes," he said, I appreciate your feelings and all that kind of thing, but you see the quarrel was not between you and me, and there is, therefore, no reason why *we* cannot speak. I am going away to London, and before I go I desire you to make me a promise."

"It depends entirely," said Sir Digby, "upon the nature of the promise."

"Oh, it is nothing," said Langton, "only a whim of mine. I wish you to promise to send me word at once when Captain Rivasole arrives in Trevegar."

Sir Digby could not fathom the mind of this deep villain. What was this promise for? Why should Langton desire to know this?

"Why do you desire to know this?" he asked, eying him keenly.

"Why do I desire to know," said Langton, "is nothing. What I wish is that you will tell me. I have my reasons, but they are not inimical to your interests."

"Then," said Sir Digby proudly, "I refuse to inform you."

"Well, well," he said, "I cannot blame you. I cannot blame you. Perhaps *I* should act the same under the circumstances." So saying he rose.

Sir Digby prepared to escort his unwelcome guest to the door. Langton prevented him by a gesture.

"No, no," he said, "no, no. I wish no one to know anything about my visit. I came in so quietly that no one but the servant who announced me knew of my coming, and his silence may be bought. Good-night, Sir Digby. You will hear of me again soon."

With these words he bowed, not asking the baronet to put himself to the shame of shaking his hand, and quitted the room.

Sir Digby did not think it necessary to follow his footsteps. He could not be expected, indeed, to imagine that his guest, bad as he was, had the idea of acting the part of a thief. So he permitted the Heir-at-law to quit his presence, and closing the door, he sat down in his loneliness to think and endeavor to discover, in the unknown future, a glimmer of hope for the declining fortunes of his house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Meanwhile, Richard Langton having assured himself that the baronet was not observing his movements, moved quickly but noiselessly along the passage until he found himself at length at the door of the drawing-room. It was outside the window of this room that the terrace was situated upon which he had arranged to meet Hugh Hatterick.

Ten o'clock was the hour; it was now only nine.

It may seem, indeed, an early time to choose to commit a robbery, but we must not look upon it with city eyes. People in country places do not act upon city rules, and, in fact, by ten o'clock Trevegar was in general fast locked in slumber.

But in the drawing-room Langton received an unexpected check. Sitting at the table, reading, were Alice Heathcote and Henry Heathersley—reading out of the same book, his arm placed fondly round her waist.

The heart of the bad man leaped furiously. Did those two young hearts intend, after all, to thwart his plans? Had love sprung up in their hearts, and was he going to be defeated in the very way in which even the dead Sir George would have been glad to see him defeated?

As he looked—standing back in the shadows, as became him—Henry rose, kissed Alice affectionately, and the couple quitted the room. They could not suspect his presence there so near them, though his hateful glances might well have pierced the darkness, and fallen upon them like a blight.

They never once observed him, however, and he glided into the room they had vacated, and out upon the terrace, without being seen by any one. Here he stood and took one earnest gaze back, and then boldly stood out in the moonlight.

He had not been there long before Trevegar church clock tolled out the quarter to the hour. As he did so, he saw a dark form crawling up, as it were, towards him.

It was no doubt Hugh Hatterick who advanced—the very one whom he was expecting, but he could not avoid an instinctive feeling of dread as he saw him coming up towards him so stealthily. He knew well how the wrecker hated him, and he felt sure that even now, if there was the remotest chance, he would destroy him. But he drew back, so that the wrecker would have to pass through the moonlight to reach him, and then Hugh Hatterick, for it was he, spoke.

"We are both better than punctual," he said.

"Hush!" cried Langton. "Do not talk so loudly."

"Is any one awake, then?"

"Henry and his cousin have just retired to their rooms, and Sir Digby, for aught I know, may be still in his study. I do not want this old man murdered, so it will take one to keep him quiet, while the other breaks open the box."

As he spoke, he took from his pocket a small packet. Unrolling it, he produced two crape masks, one of which he gave to Hugh Hatterick, and then placed the other on his own face.

"When we are within, then we can place on two cloaks, and in such a disguise no one here will know us. Let us enter at once, or we shall have the door closed upon us." So saying, he led the way into the dark drawing-room. It was just in time. They had, in fact, only just time to pass in and conceal themselves behind the tapestry curtains when the old butler entered on his rounds, to see if the house was properly closed for the night.

He was half asleep; but if he had not been, he would never have seen them, for very few burglaries had ever taken place in Trevegar, and he would never have dreamed of looking behind curtains for people in concealment.

He went out on the terrace, glanced round once or twice over the moonlit sea, and then re-entering, he re-closed the door of the French window, and bolted and barred it for the night. Then he passed slowly away.

Richard Langton waited till he was fairly out of the room, and then he went to the window and drew the bolts.

"We may want to escape this way," he said, as he opened the door a few inches, so as to admit a faint ray of moonlight as a guide.

When they reached the door of the study they hesitated. A light was burning in it, and the door was partly open. Yet not a sound came from it.

"Come," said Langton, "if he is here, he sleeps."

Langton was quite correct in his surmise. When they entered, slowly and stealthily, they saw the old man lying back in his chair, with his grave old features still in rest, which almost gave him the appearance of death.

"Yonder is the box where what I desire to attain is contained," said the Heir-at-law; "it is a bundle of parchments. You are used to prying open chests. Do it carefully and slowly, and I will watch the old man. If he wakes I can soon gag him."

Hugh Hatterick at once did as he was desired to do. Passing over to the other end of the room he knelt down by the side of the chest, and began with a chisel to force open the lid.

The Heir-at-law stood up solemn and sentinel-like by the side of Sir Digby Heathersley. The old man became very fitful now in his sleep. He moved and murmured, and even in his sleep uttered the name of his great enemy, who now stood over him and watched.

Then suddenly Hugh Hatterick let drop the chisel. It echoed, small though it was, through the silent room, and Sir Digby Heathersley sprang up.

"Hi! thieves! murderers!" he cried, and his hand went at once to his sword. But Langton was to quick for him. He seized his arms in a moment, and held him as in a vice.

"Make no resistance, old man, he said, in an altered voice, "or you will die. We are desperate men."

But Sir Digby Heathersley was no coward. He had a suspicion that he knew the voice of the man who held him, even though it had been so disguised, and knowing what a fatal thing it would be for Richard Langton to be discovered in such a character, he shouted at the top of his voice—

"Help—help—murder!"

"Quiet, for your life!" cried Langton, seizing him by the throat.

At this moment, however, Hugh Hatterick sprang up. In his hand was a bundle of documents and parchments.

"Are these what you require?" he cried, holding them aloft.

"Yes, yes," said Langton. "Old man, your life is spared. Quick, Hugh, let us quit this place before the domestics are aroused. Quick, I say; you go first and I will follow."

The wrecker lost no time in doing his employer's bidding; and then flinging Sir Digby suddenly back, Richard Langton rushed after him.

"Help, help!" shouted the old baronet, and rushed after the robbers. But it was all useless. The wrecker and his desperate master too were gone, and search as they might it would have been waste of time to do so.

Langton and Hugh Hatterick never ceased running, in fact, until they were clear away. At the summit of the cliffs by the Smugglers' Gap they halted.

"We will part now," said Langton, breathlessly; "to-morrow I will see you at your house. Meanwhile, good-night."

The two men shook hands and parted. As they did so, Hugh Hatterick watched Langton away.

"Ha!" he said, "if he were out of my path all would be well. I will follow him now, and do the deed to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LADY ALATHEA ARUNDEL.

AN HISTORICAL EPISODE.

The moon was at her full, and all Venice was abroad, revelling in the pure light that streamed in silvery radiance from the Queen of Night upon the Queen of Cities. The sable gondolas, filled with beautiful and gayly dressed women, dashed up and down the Grand Canal, which sparkled like a diamond girdle around the waist of an eastern empress. Sweet and harmonious were the songs of the merry gondoliers, as they drove along with wonderful dexterity and speed. From the marble palaces which rose up on either side of the Grand Canal there issued sounds of music, mirth, and merriment; and many a gallant Venetian stopped his gondola beneath the high mullioned window of some noble house, and listened to the sweet sound of laughing voices, and watched, perchance waited, for the sight of one form, the sound of one voice that was "more than tune" to him. Everything was bright and *debonnair*. No one seeing and hearing what was going on round them, would have dreamed that sorrow and misery lay beneath it all. If they had lifted aside the veil, and looked upon the actual life of the people which was flowing turbulently beneath it, they would have seen how much was seeming, how little was real. Truly the sounds of revelry were like music between the acts of the great tragic drama of the nation's life; and the smiles of men forced upon their faces were only worn to hide their anxious hearts. They breathed in an atmosphere of intrigue and treachery. Each man lived with his dearest friend as though he might become a foe upon the morrow, and denounce him secretly to that fearful Ten, the mere murmur of whose doings struck terror to the bravest man, and made the cheeks of the fairest woman pale. Suspicion and shapeless fears are fatal to the noble impulses and energies of men, blighting them both. At that identical moment, when Venice was masquerading in its gayest dress, the fifth act of a fearful tragedy was being played out in a dungeon of the Ducal Palace. Antonio Foscarini, an illustrious senator, was being strangled by the deathsman, while the moon was shining and the gay throng wheeling and waltzing a few feet above him.

His noble corpse was now suspended between the two columns of St. Mark, there to hang in sight of the passing world until the following night. The news flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth, freezing the smile on the laughing lip, and blanching the cheek of many a sturdy citizen. The sounds of mirth and music seemed to die away insensibly; confused reports took their place. Men looked on each other with blanched faces. Whose turn would be the next? None knew. No one was safe. Even the sanctity of family ties was no longer sacred; the traitor was too often found by the hearthstone.

As the fearful story became rapidly bruited abroad, all the gondolas, with one accord, were steered to the Piazzetta of St. Mark. Already the marble pavement was crowded with spectators, yet still the multitudes came surging up from the dark alleys of the city, to see with their own eyes if the report they had heard was true. They needed no tongue to verify the tale. There, dangling in the air between the two columns, hung up by one leg, his wide open eyes gleaming in the moonlight, was the strangled corpse of Antonio Foscarini.

Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador from the Court of James the First to the Seignory, was among the crowd. Those who knew him respectfully made way for him to pass. He started, and there was something more than terror in his face as he lifted his eyes and beheld what all men shuddered at. He had not thought to behold that ghastly sight, which he would have fain prevented. He had heard that such a closing scene to the drama of Foscarini's life was contemplated, and had hurried to the Doge, for state reasons, to use his influence to stay the death of the doomed man, who was not only his own friend, but intimately acquainted with the British king, who held him in high regard, for he had been ambassador at the Court of St. James' many years. Sir Henry Wotton arrived too late; the deed was done. Without casting a second look on the dead body of the man with whom he had so often feasted and jested, Sir Henry made his way to his gondola, and drove down to the Mocenigo Palace, on the Grand Canal, the residence of Alathea Talbot, Countess of Arundel, the wife of the celebrated Thomas Howard, Lord High Marshal of England. The palace gates were closed; the old porter who took charge of the house informed the English ambassador that his lady mistress was at her villa on the Brentna, and was expected back to Venice before the end of the day. "That must not be. She must not come back here. By some means her coming hither must be hindered," muttered Sir Henry Wotton, as he threw himself back in his gondola, and desired the rowers to "drive" home.

The name of the beautiful Countess, coupled with that of Antonio Foscarini, was whispered about in Venice that night with many a significant shrug. Some even went so far as to assert that the noble English lady was an accomplice in his treason against the Seignory; but those who knew her—and many they were who both respected and loved her—declared that this *on dit* was nothing but the foulest scandal, circulated by some jealous persons who envied her popularity, beauty, and high position.

On the morning after the execution the sun rose serenely bright, and bathed the matchless city in his luminous beams; everything looked lovely and peaceable, as though there was no treachery, no cruelty, no suspicion within the marble halls of the peerless Venice.

Quite unconscious of the tragic scene which had been enacted in the Ducal Palace during the last four and twenty hours, the Countess of Arundel was astir soon after sunrise, and set out from her villa on the Brentna, journeying toward the Lagoons, for she wished to reach her Mocenigo Palace, on the Grand Canal, before mid-day. Her heart was as light and as pure as the atmosphere she breathed. She rode in a richly gilded barge, amidst a brilliant cavalcade, such as became the wife of the Lord High Marshal of England. On the road between Dolo and Fusina her carriage was stopped by a horseman, who arrived breathless from the great speed he had made. He announced himself as John Dynely, secretary to the English Ambassador. He approached the Countess with the profoundest respect. Throwing himself from his horse, he knelt reverently before her, and craved a few words for her private ear.

"I have no private ear for any man save my husband; as my actions are open, so must be the words that I either utter or hear," replied the lady.

"But, madam," answered Dynely, lowering his voice, "a fearful thing has occurred in Venice, and——"

"Likely enough," she answered, interrupting him. "Fearful things happen everywhere."

"Antonio Foscarini has been taken," replied Dynely, with much significance. "He was executed last night, and now hangs between the columns of St. Mark."

"Well," returned the Countess, without the slightest emotion, "what has Antonio Foscarini to do with me?"

Dynely looked surprised, but made no answer, and the Countess proceeded: "I am sorry for his fate, for I have heard he was a right noble gentleman and a great favorite of my sovereign, King James. But surely, Master Dynely, you have not travelled so far, and with such speed, to bring me these tidings, with which I have naught to do?"

"May it please you, madam, but I have," answered Dynely. "The Right Honorable Sir Henry Wotton bade me fly with the speed of lightning, to tell you that it is reported—and the report is believed in the highest quarters of Venice—that it was in your ladyship's palace of Mocenigo, that Foscarini and his associates used to meet in the dead of night, and there in your presence and in your hearing discuss their treasonable plans."

"It is false!" exclaimed Lady Arundel, indignantly.

"So are many things which, nevertheless, madam, are faithfully believed," answered Dynely, with much submission; "but those, madam, who can invent can circulate a lie, and give it such a sober coloring, that it blinds men's eyes, and slays their judgment."

"Then let it blind them," interrupted Lady Arundel, with considerable passion, "that they may never look on such another lie! the judgment should be killed that dares judge so blindly."

"But, madam, the lie is so well believed, and in high quarters too, that my master, Sir Henry Wotton, trembles for you."

"Let him tremble for himself—he need have no fear for me—I might, perhaps, tremble for myself if I had a cause; being no traitor, I have no fear of treason. Now, sir, is your errand ended?"

"Not yet, the chiefest part remains unsaid."

"Proceed then," replied the lady, satirically. "I thought there must be a long tail to this kite; you fly so high."

"Sir Henry Wotton sends you these letters, madam;" as Dynely spoke he placed a small packet in her hand; "and he also desires me to say, that he earnestly entreats your ladyship to remain away anywhere in secrecy, until such time as he shall advise you otherwise; or at any rate to stay away from Venice, as he fears your person would be in peril. He is anxious for your personal safety."

"I would rather that he had been anxious for the safety of my honor; none but a coward would advise me thus. Believe me, Master Dynely, were my honor tainted I would not value life a jot. No matter whether Sir Henry Wotton thought me traitor or no traitor; out of worship to my lord, to whom he owes so much, he should have bade me *come* to Venice, not *fly* from it. *Come*—that I might prove myself a true woman. To fly would be to stamp myself by mine own act the false traitor men dare to say I am." Saying which, the Countess ordered the cavalcade to proceed.

"I do beseech your ladyship to pause," urged Dynely: "if you go to Venice you will be rushing into the lion's jaws; and remember the Venetian lion never spares his victim."

"Never fear for me," she answered, "I bear the Talbot lion—and I tell you what, Master Secretary, it will force his brother of St. Mark to reject his gulph and turn tail; falsehood and treason are doubtless crammed often enough down the greedy maw of the Venetian; but it will have no stomach for the lion rampant of my house."*

"But, madam," returned Dynely, "if you have no pity for yourself, remember Signor Francesco Vercellini, your attendant; he will share your fate, Venetian though he be."

Vercellini declared he desired nothing better than to share his lady's fate; be it only such an one as she deserved, he would be envied; nay, and if she deserved it not, he would be envied still, "for," he added, "it is a greater honor to share in the undeserved misfortunes of virtue than in the glaring glories of vice."

"That is not ill said," rejoined the Lady Arundel, smiling; then turning to Dynely, she added, "but we have no time to bandy words, Master Secretary; if you are disposed to accompany me back to Venice, a seat in my barge is at your service."

Secretary Dynely, finding it impossible to move the Lady Arundel from her purpose, accepted her invitation to a seat in her barge, which he esteemed a great honor. He sat in moody silence, while the lady chatted and laughed with her attendants: she threw out many a sly hit, and ridiculed the fears which so easily disturb men's minds, and declared that in times of turmoil and terror women should take their place. On her arrival at Venice, much to Mr. Dynely's amazement the Countess ordered her rowers to proceed direct to the Ducal Palace. He looked beseechingly at her, but never attempted to speak; nor did she deign to notice him otherwise than with a disdainful smile at the fears that were written on his face. Her barge drove up to the piazzetta. She sprang out lightly, and pointed to the "Giant's Stairs," saying, "Go tell your master that I have gone to face the dreaded Council of Ten, and to have from their lips openly the crime with which I am charged, for I will not hear it from his in secret."

"Pardon my boldness, madam," said Dynely, "but is your ladyship aware that no woman has ever dared to intrude upon the mighty Ten? you will not be permitted."

"Who will dare to stop me?" said the lady: "I know my sex is debarred from many privileges; but if I am the last to make the attempt, I shall have the fame of being the first woman who has bearded the lion of St. Mark, ay! bearded him in his own den. Do you know, Master Dynely, I have heard it said that the lion is not so brave a beast as is represented; that he is often a cur at heart, and will not accept an honest challenge?"

"But, madam," again urged Dynely, "what will your noble husband say?"

"He will take me by the hand," she answered, "and say, 'Brave woman! worthy to be the partner of the Lord High Marshal of England.' Think you my husband would have me tamely bear a wrong?"

"Most excellent and noble lady, you have as yet received no wrong."

"No wrong!" echoed the Countess. "Is it no wrong to be wrongfully accused—to have my honor attainted?"

"By the breath of suspicion only."

"'Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.' Know you not, Sir Secretary, that a breath has often power to destroy in an instant what a life cannot build up again? For my husband's honor, I must clear myself from this taint of treason."

"But you need not fear, madam; my master, Sir Henry Wotton, will stand forward in your behalf. Let me pray you to leave the matter in his hands."

"Into no man's hands will I intrust my name and fame, Mr. Secretary. They are my best possessions. If I lose them, I lose all; better that I had never lived, than live now barren of these things that alone make life worth living for."

"I will not attempt to urge your ladyship further," replied Mr. Dynely; "but you will bear testimony that I have done my master's bidding honestly."

"I wish it had been a more honest bidding he bade you do." Seeing Dynely's face fall into a woeful look, the Countess added kindly, "I mean no offence to you, Mr. Secretary, for if I ever should need fair service done I would wish no better friend than Master Dynely to execute it."

Dynely knelt down and worshipfully kissed Lady Arundel's hand.

As Lady Alathea passed between the fatal columns where the dead man was still suspended, she shuddered visibly. She had a brave heart within her breast, or she would have turned and fled. She knew right well that in those days to be accused was oftimes to be condemned. She gazed silently at the hanging corpse; her lips slightly quivered as she stood. Did no thought of her husband, no fear of the result, cross her mind, and make her for a second waver in her determination to face this mighty and dreaded tribunal, whose deadly doings were performed in secret, silent and mysterious as the grave? Men, ay, and women too, had disappeared, and none knew why or whither they had gone. She herself had missed one of her dearest friends on a bright summer day; and a week after she had seen him floating past her palace gates a swollen and livid corpse, staring up with sunken eye at the free blue sky, appealing, as it were, to Heaven for justice from the injustice of man. Her gilded barge was ready to bear her away; it was not too late to change her mind; she might save herself by flight. From what? Not from suspicion; that had already seized upon her name and attached it to that of an executed traitor. Ought she to fly and leave it there? No! It was her husband's name; he had given it to her laden with ancestral honors. She would not see it dragged through the mire, branded with the foul breath of treason, tainted with dishonor—death in the deepest dungeon rather. Her husband would avenge her wrongs. England herself would not sit tamely down, and allow one of her noblest daughters to be murdered even by the Doge of Venice. She gave a last look at that which had been Antonio Foscarini, exclaiming, "Poor wretch! Guilty or not guilty, God help thy soul!" Supported by the true courage of a free English heart, she passed on and entered the palace of the Doge. She made her way through all the thousand difficulties that opposed her, and stood presently at the door of the council chamber. As the attendant, amazed by her appearance there, as well as by her mysterious and commanding manner, entered by a secret passage to carry her request for an audience to the council, she followed him unseen, and in a moment stood, unabashed, in the presence of that terrible tribunal before which all Venice trembled. For a second the lady felt chilled and awe struck. The council chamber was a lofty, magnificent hall, furnished with quaint grandeur; the ceiling was exquisitely painted with historical scenes of Venice, and the walls were covered with the rarest paintings that could be gathered from all parts of the world. At the far end of the vast apartment were ranged the portraits of the ancient Doges of Venice, from the most distant period up to the present time. They seemed to look down frowningly, those grim, dark shadows of the past, who had each in turn held sovereign sway in Venice. The face of one was covered by a thick black veil; but cover his face, blot out his features jealously as they would, they could not blot out his name from men's thoughts, nor hide him from the searching eyes of posterity. History has lifted aside the veil that would have shrouded him, and Marino Faliero lives in men's minds as one of the most noted of the Doges of Venice.

On a raised dais, beneath that grim, silent assemblage of his predecessors, sat the reigning Doge. On his left hand was the British Ambassador, that very Sir Henry Wotton who had sent to forbid the lady's return to Venice. The council looked at each other in mute amazement. She had come like a vision of light upon their dark proceedings; so strange a thing had never yet occurred. Sir Henry Wotton was visibly agitated, as though he himself were accused of treason, and not the Lady Arundel, whose presence there perplexed him greatly. Why and wherefore had she come hither, after his strict forbidding? The Doge rose up, came forward, took her by the hand, and offered her a seat beside himself, at the same time inquiring courteously—

"To what strange circumstances they owed the honor of her bright presence there?"

The Doge's gracious demeanor deeply touched Lady Arundel, who had expected to be far otherwise received. She, however, declined to sit, and remained standing before the Doge and his councillors.

"Royal sir," she exclaimed, "I can accept no courtesy, even though offered with such noble condescension, until I learn in what plight I stand. I come before you in great grief and needless[illegible]

[illegible] and slander you, and his shrift shall be soon made?" Who is the man?"

The lady glanced slowly round the room, till her eyes rested on Sir Henry Wotton, who stood pale and cowering by the ducal chair. Their eyes met. In his she read such an abject appeal to her for silence, that she crushed his name upon her lips, and dropped the hand she had lifted to point him out.

"I could tell you," she answered, "but I [illegible]

Alathea Arundel, whose beauty and fearless spirit were long the talk of that Queen of Cities.

* Lady Alathea was one of the daughters and co-heirs of Gilbert, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury.

MISS WELDON'S WEDDING.

Ten years ago it was less the custom than at present, for people to be married in church. At that period the good clergyman was wont to come to the "residence of the bride's father" where in the presence of a few intimate friends, the ceremony would take place, after which, perchance, would follow a reception for the less favored "ten thousand;" and it was upon this plan that Edith Weldon's was arranged to take place. It was within the hour of the time appointed for the marriage, and she stood ready dressed in her pretty boudoir, when her mother came in to attend to the final touches in the fastening of the bridal veil.

"Has Dick come?" asked Edith, staying her mother's hand as she was about to throw the flimsy lace over her head.

"No, not yet, of course. Why! don't look so pale, my darling, it is not time for him yet."

"I wish he were here," sighed Edith. "Somehow I cannot help worrying about him."

"You are nervous, dear, that is all," said Mrs. Weldon, kindly. "He will be here presently. Dick was never unpunctual, and he will scarcely be to-night."

While the finishing touches are put to the pretty toilet, a few words with regard to the story of Edith are necessary.

The young bride was the eldest daughter of one of our city merchant princes, a lovely woman, though perhaps a shade more demure than most girls of her age. Yet in spite of her quiet, and what some of her old friends called "old-fashioned" ways, they were somewhat surprised when she accepted Mr. Richard Strong as her lover. He was a country gentleman, a scion of one of the best families of which New York can boast, and lived on his farm, which he took great pains in cultivating. He was a man of fine powers, and high education, but his agricultural life had led to a certain roughness of dress and manner that was at times almost uncouth. Then his face was browned by the sun to a deep tan color, his hands were rough and brown, and he would not wear gloves, but would wear heavy boots. Despite this he was a fine-looking man, with intelligent eyes and well-knit frame, and Edith had sense enough to see beneath the somewhat rude exterior a cultivated mind and affectionate heart.

Mr. Weldon was well pleased with his daughter's choice. Mr. Strong's family was one for which he had the highest respect, and Edith's simple tastes were such as admirably fitted her for country life. The young lady's city friends were, however, rather contemptuous at her lover's unmistakable bucolic appearance; and some of those who looked no deeper than the surface, declared he was no more than a country "clod-hopper." To tell the truth, Edith had been a little horrified at Dick's utter indifference to style, and had even urged him to employ her father's tailor.

"Go to Digby!" he exclaimed, with horror: "why, he would make me look like a fool! No; Bounderby always has made my clothes, and Bounderby always shall. He knows how to suit me!"

And so even the wedding garments were made by Bounderby, who had a large run of custom among the gentlemen farmers of New York, and understood how to make coats of excellent material and no particle of style.

Edith's toilet was complete by half-past [illegible], and her mother and bridesmaids left [illegible] to make their own preparations. For a [illegible]ort time she was alone, and sat listening [illegible]every ring of the bell, hoping each one [illegible]as Dick's, and expecting to be called down [illegible] meet him; as the moments went by and [illegible] message came, her anxieties increased. [illegible] was certainly very strange that he had not [illegible]rived. He was the very soul of punctu[illegible]lity—always sure to appear at the precise [illegible]oment appointed.

Presently people began to come into the [illegible]om, aunts, cousins, and particular friends; [illegible]d there was much chatting over the bride [illegible]d her dress.

Edith put the questions, "Has Dick [illegible]me?" "Have you seen Mr. Strong?" [illegible]atil she grew ashamed to repeat them, and [illegible]r companions laughed at her for her seem[illegible]gly needless anxiety. At eight o'clock her [illegible]other rejoined her, gorgeous in blue velvet [illegible]d diamonds.

"Well, Edith, the hour has come."

"But not the man," added one of the gay [illegible]rls, laughingly.

"Is not Mr. Strong here yet?" asked Mrs. [illegible]eldon, in surprise.

"I think not."

"That is strange," she replied, looking unfeignedly annoyed. "But don't turn so pale, Edith, dear, he must be here, or come directly; I will go and see about it."

She kissed her daughter tenderly, and went down stairs. In the library were her husband and several gentlemen. Mr. Weldon came forward to his wife.

"It is a little strange, Mary, it is five minutes past eight, and Strong is not here."

"Can any of his friends explain his detention?"

Just then the door opened, and among the select few was admitted Charlie Strong, a city man and a cousin of Dick's.

"Ah, Charlie! is Dick with you?" asked Mr. Weldon.

"Dick! No! Isn't he here?"

"No."

"Why, that is very odd! I left him an hour ago on his way here."

"On his way! Was he driving!"

"No. You know what a queer fellow Dick is. I wanted to send for a carriage; but he said that was all nonsense for such a short distance, and in spite of my objections, he put on an old summer overcoat to cover his evening dress, and started to walk here with me. I told him he did not look much like a bridegroom; to which he gave the characteristic reply, that "Looks aren't everything."

"And how far did you come together?"

"To Fourteenth street; there I turned off to Irving Place, and he started up Broadway."

The disappearance of the bridegroom was only rendered more mysterious by this statement. There seemed absolutely nothing to do but wait for his arrival as patiently as possible; and as people began to pour in, the time for the reception having come, Mrs. Weldon received them with what self-possession she could, not telling them to go away, since at any moment the missing man might appear, and the ceremony proceed. The company was very dreary, however; every one knew what had happened, gayety was out of the question, and the only amusement was to rush to the door every time any one came, in hopes of seeing the pleasant brown face of Dick Strong.

Charlie Strong went down to the hotel on the chance that for some inexplicable cause Dick had returned there. No, he had not been seen. Mr. Strong next inquired of the policemen along the route if any one had been taken suddenly ill, as this supposition had occurred as a possible explanation of Dick's absence—his splendid health rendered it rather an absurd one. No, nothing unusual had happened, except that there had been a fire on Broadway and a great crowd. This was the news with which the young gentleman came back to the house, and the non-appearance of the bridegroom seemed stranger than ever.

Poor Edith sat in her rooms looking like a pale and stricken flower; her bridesmaids and friends were gathered round her doing what they could to cheer her, but she grew hopelessly sad. The hours of the wedding evening stole by without any news of her lover. From time to time when there was the bustle of an arrival below, one of the girls looked out to see if Mr. Strong had come, but each time only to return with fresh disappointment, so that in the bridal room as well as in the parlor there was gloom and anxiety.

And now to tell of the man who had so strangely disappeared. When he parted from his cousin, Dick, as Charlie had said, he went straight up Broadway, which was the nearest road to Mr. Weldon's home on west Thirty-sixth street. When he had passed Union square, he saw that quite a crowd of people were assembled in front of one of the stores, from the upper windows of which smoke was issuing. No thought of turning aside to avoid the throng occurred to Mr. Strong's mind: no, he was broad-shouldered and powerful, and he began to push the throng, elbowing right and left, and hurrying on at little less than his usual brisk pace. He had proceeded in this way, getting a good many angry looks, and some very uncomplimentary remarks, to which he paid no manner of heed until he reached a point where the crush was densest. Here he was jostled about somewhat rudely, in spite of his endeavors to force ahead unchecked. He began to feel a little angry at what seemed the unnecessary amount of hustling he received, and was pushing on rather unceremoniously when he was suddenly grasped by a man, to the full as powerful as himself, who cried out—"You have got my watch! Police! Police! Stop thief! Police!"

The man roared out the words in a voice that rang above all the murmurs of the crowd, and Dick in a fury of rage turned upon him like a tiger.

"You infernal scoundrel, what do you mean? Let me go! Let me go, I say!"

He struggled fiercely, but the man who seized him by the shoulder had him at a disadvantage, and continued to shout:

"Police! Help! help! Stop thief!"

In a moment three or four more men had hold of Mr. Strong, who fought and raved in his wrath and indignation, and then two policemen appeared on the scene and summarily took him into custody.

"There, you scamp—now we've got you?" cried the man in triumph.

Dick glared at him, almost speechless with anger, though he managed to say to the policemen:

"You surely don't intend to take me into custody on the charge of that maniac?"

"Indeed we do, my good man, and you might as well come along peaceably."

Now if there was one thing that more than another Dick Strong despised, it was any boasting of position, or family, or money. He had always declared that "people would know a man was a gentleman without any need of telling them so," and that "it wasn't any consequence what a man were if he only behaved himself." He had flattered himself that he looked, despite the roughness of his dress, too much the well-bred gentleman ever to be doubted, and yet here were these two policemen calling him "My good man," hustling him along, and no way to get out of the scrape but to try to convince them that he was not a common thief!

Thus the unfortunate bridegroom was pulled through the crowd, people staring at him, the policemen holding him fast by the arms, and his captor following close at his heels, giving vent to feelings of enjoyment in occasional exclamations of "Scoundrel!" Scamp!" "But he couldn't come it over me!" &c. Goaded at last beyond endurance, Dick suddenly turned upon him:

"But I haven't got your watch, I tell you! You ought to know what you're talking about before accusing an honest man in this way."

"None of that now," said the policeman, roughly. "Come along quietly."

"We'll see!—we'll see!" shouted the tormentor.

And thus was Dick led along, a miserable captive. Men looked curiously at him as they passed, women drew back in horror from the criminal. Never had poor Strong so longed for the face of an acquaintance, but none met him. It was growing dark, and was not an hour when any one he knew likely to be out. In the side street very few persons were abroad; and so they reached the station-house. For some little distance Dick had been quite silent; and recovering from his rage, had tried to think what it might be best for him to do. Once in the dirty room of detention, fresh cause for anger speedily arose. The robbed man, who gave his name as John Clark, showed as a very respectably-dressed person when in the light, and displayed the dangling end of a handsome watch-chain, from which the watch had been wrested.

"The ring was a little worn," he said, "and broke with the pull. I felt it and saw the hand that grasped the watch. It was brown and ungloved, like his," pointing to Dick, who as usual was ungloved. "I turned round quickly and caught him. Now see if you don't find the watch on him."

"It's all an infamous lie!" said Dick. "What should I want of his beggarly watch?"

"The prisoner had better be quiet and let himself be searched," replied the police-captain.

"Search me and welcome," retorted Dick, pulling off his overcoat, thereby bringing to view his handsome dress suit.

The men looked at each other in surprise. "I didn't think he was a swell-cove," said one; "he looked like the common kind."

Mr. Strong now drew out his own watch, which was an elegant chronometer. "Here," said he to his captor, "why should a man want to rob you when he has such a timepiece as that?"

"It was stolen, too, I've no doubt," replied Mr. Clark, imperturbably.

Dick nearly fell into a rage again. "You're an incorrigible old fool," said he.

"Prisoner will please be careful," said the officer, sternly. "Now, sir, what is your name?"

"Richard Strong."

"Residence?"

"Oak Hill Farm, Allegheny county, New York."

A shade of surprise crossed the officer's face as he asked,

"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

Just then Dick, who still had his watch, opened it, and uttered a cry of horror—it was after eight o'clock.

"For God's sake, be quick with this farce," he said, earnestly. "I have a most important engagement, and it is already past the hour."

Mr. Clark smiled contemptuously.

"I'm afraid you'll have to put it off," he said.

"You do not seem to understand the gravity of the charge, Mr. Strong," said the captain. "Officers Smith and Brown will please search the prisoner."

With what grace he could muster, Dick submitted to the search; it was long and tedious, and resulted, of course, in nothing. Strong was boiling over with indignation and impatience, but had to put up with it; and as it chanced, from the fact of his having on new clothes, the pockets were nearly empty, he had hardly anything upon him to serve as vouchers for the truth of his assertions about himself. His linen was, indeed, marked with his name, and the men were convinced that their culprit was by rank a gentleman, whether the charge made against him was true or not. When he was brought back into the large room, Clark sprang forward eagerly.

"Did you find the watch?"

"No, of course they didn't," replied Dick. The man's countenance fell.

"Then he must have flung it away when I caught him," he said.

"Why, do you still think I stole it?" demanded Dick.

"Of course you did; I saw you take it."

Dick turned away from him, without reply, to the captain, "Now, sir, I hope you will let me go."

"No, Mr. Strong, we cannot do that while this man swears to this charge against you."

This was more than Dick had expected, and his reserve broke down. "But, captain, you must let me go—why, this is my wedding-night and I *must* go."

"That's a likely story," said Clark, with a sneer.

"May I ask who you are to marry?" asked the officer, looking rather incredulous.

It was awfully against Dick's ideas, but he had to say, "A daughter of Mr. John Weldon."

"Not Weldon, of Weldon and Grey."

"Yes."

"Oh, that's too much," cried the irrepressible Clark, "as if he would look at such a fellow as you!"

Dick's anger flamed out again, but he began to find there was no use in displaying it, and addressed himself especially to the captain. To him he was very august, saying all he could to prove that his statements were true—perhaps, too, he displayed some of the greenbacks that were plentiful in his purse—be that as it may, he succeeded at last in persuading the officer to allow a message to be dispatched to Mr. Weldon, and finally one of the policemen departed with a hastily scrambled note.

By the time he reached Mr. Weldon's, it was after ten o'clock; the uncomfortable guests there assembled, had begun to think they had better go home, as there would be no wedding that night, and the clergyman, who had passed anything but an agreeable evening, had gone to Mrs. Weldon to make his adieux, when there was a ring at the bell, followed by the usual rush to see who it might be.

When the door was opened and a policeman stalked into the hall, the excitement became intense. Mr. Weldon hurried forward to meet him. The man touched his hat.

"Are you Mr. John Weldon?"

"Yes."

"A prisoner down at our station sent you this note."

Mr. Weldon opened the missive eagerly; people crowding round to learn its contents.

"I am in the 27th street station-house, charged with theft; for God's sake come and get me out. RICHARD STRONG."

A shout of laughter followed this announcement, the people were so amused, they thought it such a good joke. The relief after a long suspense was so great, that peal after peal of merriment rang out, the jolly sounds echoing even to Edith's room, and the girls running out to hear the news, quickly brought her back the tidings that Dick was safe, though in such a funny scrape.

The policeman meantime looked at the smiling throng and then at Mr. Weldon.

"So what he said was true, and he was going to marry your daughter?"

"Yes, certainly."

"We would not believe him, he looked such a shabby chap; however, the Boss said, as it was so near, I might come and see."

More laughter followed this, and in a few moments Mr. Weldon and Charlie Strong were on their way, with the policeman, to Dick's relief.

There is not much to add. When they reached the station, a few words from Mr. Weldon convinced the police captain that there must have been some mistake, and Mr. Strong was released. Clark still remained at the place, and was furious at the result; when going out, Dick said to him—"Now, Mr. Clark, I hope you are convinced that I did not steal the watch?"

To this he replied very angrily—"You did, too, for I saw you; and I say it's a monstrous injustice to let you off just because you are going to marry a rich man's daughter."

There was no use arguing with such a person; and as Dick once more drew on the objectionable overcoat, Charlie Strong could not help saying—"Ah! Dick, it was all because you would wear a shabby coat, and would not have a carriage. You will do better next time."

When they reached the house there was a great crowding about the bridegroom, and much merriment and congratulations. Edith came to meet him, her paleness succeeded by blushes, and the ceremony proceeded at once.

To this day the events we have related are a sore subject to Mr. Strong, and he never likes to have any one allude to how he was arrested for theft on his wedding evening.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

☞ Sheridan's solicitor calling one day found his wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was "that her husband was a villain." After a time she added, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered that all the love letters he sent me were the very same he sent to his first wife."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The MUSIC is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for **1872**, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, in the English, German, French, Norwegian, Welsh, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dc9-1m

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We can commend Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. of New York, to those of our patrons who may have occasion to advertise in papers beyond their immediate vicinity, as the firm have business relations with the press throughout the whole country.—*Quincy (Ill.) Whig.*

Barnett's Cocoaine is not greasy or sticky. As a hair dressing it stands peerless and alone.

☞ A gentleman of Salt Creek bought some oysters in the shell, but was disappointed in them. He says: "Oysters is a humbug. After you take the in'ards out'n 'em there ain't nothin' left to eat."

☞ The noise of the sewing machine is heard in Egypt.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully one-third, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

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☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ A loving wife in Connecticut sent a note to a newspaper announcing her husband's death, as follows:—"Dear John is dead; loss covered by insurance."

☞ A new invention is a "Coffin Safety Valve."

☞ A pew in a fashionable church in most American cities costs as much as the rent of a comfortable house for a year.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1871.

OUR STORIES.

PLEASE GIVE CREDIT.

We notice that the story "CHASED BY WOLVES," which first appeared in "THE LADY'S FRIEND" for January, 1869, for which magazine it was written by our well-known contributor, Amanda M. Douglas, is going the rounds of the press without a line of credit either to the periodical or author. Fine stories and poems from both "THE LADY'S FRIEND" and "THE POST" are being continually appropriated in this manner, by the foremost periodical publications in the country. We are glad to see that our fellow editors appreciate a good story, but it would be much more satisfactory both to author and publisher if they would acknowledge to whom it is due.

RENEW EARLY.

As we have a large number of subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, we would suggest to all who can make it convenient, to renew as early in the present month as possible.

If everybody waits till the end of the month, a large number of names are sent in together, and it becomes impossible for our clerks to enter them as soon as they are received. This causes delay in mailing the paper, and sometimes errors; though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always are that it is the mistake of the subscriber, not theirs.

As we shall stop the paper hereafter, even more generally than heretofore, at the expiration of all subscriptions—excepting in the cases of a small class of old subscribers, who always remit in return to our bills—those who wish to avoid all danger of having a break in their files of THE POST, should remit early. We do not electrotype THE POST, and now that the paper is so large and expensive, we shall not run the risk of wasting papers by printing many more than we absolutely need.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to *one hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

or,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and THE POST ($2.50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON MAKES AN ATTACK AND IS DEFEATED.

This distinguished novelist and poet has taken a very active part in the International copyright controversy which has recently been raging in the columns of the London Times, so much so, indeed, as to land herself in an action for libel. In one of her letters to the Times she made an attack on the literary reputation of Mrs. Henry Wood, the well-known novelist, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," and a host of other weird and complicated romances, and also upon the commercial honesty of Baron Tauchnitz, the well-known Leipsic publisher, who has been the medium of spreading a knowledge of English and American literature abroad, by his pocket editions of the works of the best authors. She charged Mrs. Wood with having stolen the plot of "East Lynne" from one of her short stories, published many years ago (in some annual long since forgotten, and the name of which, as well as that of the story, Mrs. Norton did not give,) adding to this charge the somewhat spiteful remark that it was the only one of her (Mrs. Wood's) works which had made a permanent impression on the public. Mrs. Wood replied by asserting that she had never seen or even heard of the story in question; that the plot of "East Lynne" was partly of her own invention, and partly borrowed from incidents which happened in a family with which she was acquainted. For instance, the circumstance of a faithless wife, deserted by her lover and disfigured by a railway accident, returning to her home in disguise, and being engaged by her husband as governess to her own children. Mrs. Wood also modestly hints that from what her publishers tell her, she believes some of her other works have made quite as strong an impression as "East Lynne." And having so far vindicated herself, she proceeds to give Mrs. Norton "a piece of her mind." She says, "nothing can be more false, nothing more unjustifiable, than the statement of Mrs. Norton. There is not a shadow of foundation for it. Mrs. Norton may have written the brief story, but I never saw or heard of it. The only writings I have read of Mrs. Norton's are two of her three-volume novels. Let those of the public who have read my works and Mrs. Norton's be themselves the judges which has least cause to pillage from the other. If I possessed no other requisite to make a novelist, I at least possess that of construction"—which Mrs. Norton does not, she evidently means, but forbears to say.—*Phila. Ledger.*

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—It does seem as though the Fates were determined to be unkind to American belles. Do whatever they will to make themselves beautiful and attractive, and the first thing they know down comes their pail of milk, and with it, all their bright anticipations. The very moment it was rumored that his Imperial Highness would plant his aristocratic foot on American soil, that moment ladies north and south, east and west, went crazy over the new costumes that should, by virtue of their great richness and beauty, astonish the eyes of the young scion of Russian Nobility.

Hats that were high, grew immensely higher—and feathers and pompons were added to increase the effect. Heels medium, were exchanged for heels extraordinary. Short women looked tall, and tall women looked like pocket editions of Christ Church steeple, or the Bunker Hill Monument. There was but one idea among them—and that was to look stately and commanding, and move about with as much the step and air of a Duchesse as was possible. And now, only to think of it! after all their trouble, it is officially announced that the Grand Duke admires little women—that prettiness and simplicity are more charming to him, than the most wonderful creation of the modiste's skill—and that of all things he has the greatest horror of a majestic woman. How those high heels will come down! and how those pompons will be lowered! And those magnificent toilets of velvet and silk, with the miles upon miles of ruffles, the overskirts of delicate point, and the garlands of choice exotics that were to lend such grace and loveliness to budding beauty, must they pass for naught? Alas! I fear so.

Alexis, it is said, cares little for outward adornment, and would scarcely know whether ladies were attired in the height of the prevailing mode, or in the rustic garb of some blushing dairy maid; and after this comes the startling intelligence that the young gentleman is already in love—has bestowed his heart's best affections upon his Mary Elizabeth, and that her dear image is photographed upon his brain, and engraven upon his soul; that his spare moments are employed in penning to her tender words of love and trust; and the one great desire with him, is to complete his tour of observation as soon as may be, and return again to the beloved presence of his adored. It's a sorry lookout for those who have endured the tortures of hope deferred until their hearts were well nigh sick. But they must get along with it somehow, and may as well put a good face on the matter—

"For what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass."

But such a rival! say the stately ones. A bread and butter Miss, scarce turned of sixteen, who affects baby waists, and has a fancy for blue ribbons! A child, who leaves her blonde hair to float loosely over her shoulders in wavy freedom! They could have endured a rival of the Eugenie stripe, or the Princess Metternich, but to think the Russian Lamb should, even before his long expected visit to America, have been sacrificed to a girl scarce done with dolls and kittens, was too much.

However, "it is an ill wind blows nobody good," and like the burning of Chicago, it has furnished a world of material for such structures as it is the delight of literary Bohemians to erect, and for which favor they are, no doubt, duly grateful.

THE NOVELTIES OF THE WEEK

are somewhat scattering. A new hat, called the "Terror," has made its appearance, and those who have seen it agree that it is rightly named—and yet nobody seems afraid of it. Of course the more quiet individuals wear the accepted styles, and ignore the fact that there is anything later. They want to be stylish, and fashionable, and have it understood that they keep up with the times, but when anything really startling presents itself, they prefer to see how somebody else looks in it first; on the other hand, there are ladies who delight in being the pioneers of an enterprise of that kind, and so long as a thing is "the very latest," they will wear it, no matter what it makes them look like. This class wear the "Terror;" and I was just on the point of giving a description of it, when it suddenly occurred to me that no pen can do it justice. It is made of velvet, and is four story and a basement. It has, in the way of trimming, black feathers tipped with white, and white feathers tipped with black, and a black and white pompon at the side, and a good many yards of gros-grain ribbon, with fringed ends to the streamers, that instead of falling at the back are permitted to droop gracefully over the left ear, the consequence of which is that when they are not in the eyes they are in the mouth, and you can take your time in making up your mind which suits you best. The front of the institution is pretty nearly plain, only relieved by folds of velvet and ribbon. There is a narrow brim that droops all around, as though it didn't feel very well, and ought to have some plantation bitters, or a strengthening plaster; while inside of this brim is a narrow plaiting of blonde lace. I don't know why it is called "The Terror," except it is that one in looking at it is so strongly reminded of a hearse, with its nodding funereal plumes; and even if that be the solution, why was it not called the "King of Terrors?" It would have been appropriate in *any* sense, as it "lays over everything" in the hat line yet seen.

Among the

MUST HAVES

of the modern wardrobe, we see great quantities of Roman Sashes, in every combination that can delight the eye. Centuries ago these gorgeous additions to the toilet were manufactured, and it is more than probable that Cæsar's wife wore them upon all ceremonious occasions. To be sure, modern painters and sculptors love to present the ladies of that period attired in a flowing robe, with no end of chains and bracelets and anklets, but they probably saw them *en dishabille*, or when the thermometer was ninety in the shade. But whether they wore Roman Sashes then or not, it is certain ladies wear them now, and there is nothing heightens the effect of an elegant costume more, or is so effective in brightening up an old one, as these self-same bits of silk. Neckties to match them are sometimes worn, but they are not insisted upon; neckties and ribbons of any color answer very well, and individual taste is always consulted.

As the holidays approach, "holiday presents" are announced, and take the form of boxes of elegant handkerchiefs, kid gloves in assorted colors, sets of laces, handsome silks, cut off in dress lengths, sets of jewelry, including watch, chain, pin, ear-rings, bracelets, and half a dozen other items, so arranged in the windows as to tempt the unwary pedestrian who is so fortunate as to have another half at home who can wear these things and show them to advantage. Among toys the "creeping baby" is the novelty of the season, and will doubtless prove "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to the little ones, as it is so arranged that it can be wound up like a clock, and when placed upon the carpet is a most unwearying little "creeper," until its small strength exhausted, it quietly succumbs to the influence of the drowsy god.

IN THE MATTER OF MUFFS

a new style known as the "Legant" is in market, and differs from the ordinary muff in having separate compartments for the hands—pockets as it were, in which can be carried purse, handkerchief, love-letters or any other precious thing, with no danger whatever of its being lost. These muffs are only made in the more expensive furs, such as Russian sable, silver fox, and the like; and instead of the usual trimming of tassels of passementerie or fur, there is usually a bow and ends of rich ribbon.

But here I am, almost to the end of my letter, and not a word about

THANKSGIVING!

Not a hint that any of us have had anything to feel thankful for. Not a syllable about the poor, or the turkeys, or the pumpkin pies, or the cold winter coming on. I have even failed to speak of the glorious Indian summer, and the modest, blushing forest leaves that turn "all colors" at the approach of the remorseless old villain who flourishes around under the chilling *sobriquet* of Jack Frost.

But it is too late to mend the matter now, so I will merely subscribe myself

Very truly, OLIVE KING.

[From the *Journal*, Minonk, Ills., Oct. 12, 1871.]

The "SATURDAY EVENING POST." A great many years ago, long before the New York Ledger or Bonner were thought of—before the most of those now living were born—a literary and "story paper" was started in Philadelphia, called the SATURDAY EVENING POST. We remember it distinctly, as long ago as 1829-40. It was then an *old* paper, famous and popular. "Clubs" were made up for it regularly at the beginning of every winter. It circulated all over the Union, and in those remote days it boasted of its large circulation, exceeding 20,000. Well, that same SATURDAY EVENING POST is going yet. Last August it completed its *fiftieth* year, and is now well into its fifty-first. It has just been enlarged, and has put on a new dress. It was started in 1821, and was printed on a hand-press and inked with "balls," the meaning and use of which are almost unknown to modern printers. Now it requires a fast "Hoe Cylinder," and inks itself. During a few years it suffered a partial eclipse, but the *pioneer* of literary weeklies now promises to outshine them all. Every lover of good morals will hope it may, if the following sentiment shall be squarely lived up to and guide its future. Its publishers say:—"When we find that our paper cannot live without pandering to the grossest and basest passions of a depraved human nature, we shall fold our mantle decently around us, and conclude that the proper time has come for THE POST to die."

These are noble, glorious words. If they are rigidly carried out, THE POST will be a blessing wherever it goes, and it cannot go into too many families.

☞ The young ladies of Waterville, Me., having recently organized an anti-tobacco society, the young men of that town have organized an anti-corset society.

☞ A Danbury (Conn.) schoolboy disturbed the symmetry of a family heirloom by sawing off the tops of his great grandmother's bedposts for a set of croquet balls.

☞ An underground railroad in London costs four million dollars per mile.

A POND LILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON PILER.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I

The mowers swung their scythes through the lush rank grass and yellow daisies, and the breezes, coming over the fields of new-mown hay, brought faint, sweet odors with them from the dead and dying blossoms.

John Darryl and Alice Brand stood together by the gate, and watched the mowers at work in the fields below, and talked together in the pleasant summer morning, of the future.

"If your father will consent," he said, "I will go away and make name and fortune before I come to claim you. Without one or the other I know he would never give you to me. With the assurance that you would be mine, I could do great things. I think Love is such a power for the accomplishment of great purposes, you know."

"I would gladly be your wife without the name or fortune," she said, smiling into his eyes. "They would count as nothing to me."

"But your father's ideas of what your husband should be are different from yours," Darryl said, "and whoever he accepts as a son-in-law must come up to his ideas. I know him well enough to know that."

"He is coming down the path now," Alice said, as she heard steps approaching.

"Shall I speak to him now?" Darryl asked.

"Yes, if you think best," she answered.

'Squire Brand came down the path. A large, dignified man, with a hard, stern face, full of lines of self-will, and a harsh, dominant nature.

"Good morning," Darryl said, bowing, as the 'Squire came up to them.

"Good morning," answered the 'Squire, looking a little suspiciously at his daughter, who had turned her attention to the morning-glories by the gate.

"'Squire Brand," Darryl began, with considerable agitation, for he knew what a stern, haughty man he had to deal with, "I love your daughter. I do not ask you to give her to me now. I will go away and win me a place and a name in the world before I come to claim her. I only ask that you will consent that I may consider her as my promised wife."

"Sir!" The 'Squire's face was red with anger. His eyes blazed with indignation. "Perhaps I did not understand you. Do you presume to ask the hand of my daughter in marriage?"

"Not now," answered Darryl.

"At any future time?" demanded the 'Squire.

"Yes, I do," answered Darryl, bravely. "I love her—and she has promised me to be my wife if you were willing."

"I am *not* willing," cried the 'Squire. "I have other and higher views for my daughter, than a marriage with a penniless adventurer. A penniless adventurer! Do you hear, sir? My daughter is a fitting mate for any gentleman—and *you!*"

The old man's words were full of the contempt which expressed itself in his face.

"I consider myself a gentleman," answered Darryl, with a dignity which made itself felt. "I am not an adventurer. You wrong me. I am poor, I admit; but I am not to blame for that."

"Nor am I," answered the 'Squire. "I want no words with you. I shall never consent to your marrying my daughter—and there is no use in saying anything more about it. Not the least. I am not the man to change an opinion, once expressed."

"But Alice!" cried Darryl, pale with the conflict going on in his breast between love and anger. "She loves me, sir. Have you no regard for her feelings?"

"My daughter may be deceived in herself," the old man answered, coldly. "She may *think* she cares for you. You have probably taught her to think so. It was for your interest to. I can readily understand that. But time and absence will show her her mistake. Alice, you will please go to the house; and remember this—I shall expect you to drop your acquaintance with this man henceforth. You, sir," turning to Darryl, "will consider this as the end of your plan to get a rich wife. If you set foot upon my premises again, I will have you put off them as I would a beggar or a vagabond. Good-morning."

"Oh, father!" Alice stretched out her hands in eloquent appeal. "Have pity! You are cruel!" Her eyes were full of tears; her face of intense pain.

"I thought you knew me," her father said, coldly and cruelly.

She knew that there was no use in wasting words. From his stern decision there was no appeal.

"Good-bye John," she said, and came to his side; her face wet with the tears which she could not hide. "I will never forget you, never."

"God bless you!" He bent and kissed her, braving her father's fury. "I shall think of you wherever I may be, and the memory of you shall be the bright spot in my life. Good-bye."

She turned away, and went slowly toward the house.

"There is the gate. If you are not outside of it in three minutes, I'll cane you!" The 'Squire's tone was one of concentrated fury.

"I am going, sir," Darryl answered." "Good morning."

And then he walked away, with a look on his face as if ten years of age had suddenly come to him.

II.

The years, four of them, went by, as years always will, with their sorrows, and their cares and changes.

They brought some changes to Alice Brand. Her father was one day prostrated by an apoplectic shock, and he never got up from his bed again. After that, her life was one of drudgery. He became fretful, exacting, childish. She and she alone could minister to his wants. From morning till night she was kept near him, and she bore his childish petulance, his fretful exactions with a quiet patience which seldom allowed itself to get ruffled or moved by all his whims and fancies.

It was a dreary life, but she felt that she was doing her duty, and the consciousness of that upheld her to the last. By and by the end came, and the old man died, and after that her life went on quietly and uneventful. She missed her father sorely, in the still, long days which came after his death. His wants had been wearisome, but they had served to keep her busy. Now that she was alone, she felt the time hang heavily upon her hands.

She heard nothing from John Darryl. Somewhere he was thinking of her, she knew, for he had loved her, and he would not forget her. Every night she prayed for him, and every morning she whispered his name over softly, wondering where he was, and if he would come back to her.

And so in this quiet, uneventful way, five years more slipped away, and Alice Brand was thirty.

"An old maid," they called her, but she cared little for that. She had suitors, but she gave none of them any encouragement. True to the old love, she could give her hand to no one since she had no heart to give with it.

A restlessness seized her. The unvarying monotony of her life oppressed her. She resolved to travel. So she went abroad. She climbed the hills of Italy, and the mountains of Switzerland, and sailed down the Rhine, always looking for something, always expecting something. Was it her lover? She did not know, but the strange sense of expectancy was always with her.

One evening she was in a little village on the Swiss borders, and she wandered out along the quaint, narrow streets, aimlessly at first. But by-and-by she heard the sound of an organ, and as the doors of the little church from whence the sounds issued were open, she entered and sat down.

The church was empty, save for the player in the organ-loft and the bellows-boy. It was a beautiful summer night. The moonbeams stole in through the long and narrow windows, and lay in silver patches in the aisles and round the altar.

The player was one who felt at home with the instrument. He was its master. There was assurance in his touch. She sat and listened, rapt, entranced.

He was playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." There was something strangely fitting in the scene and the subject. The low sweet chords crept out hesitatingly at first upon the still and quiet air, as though there were unrest and indecision beneath the player's breast, as though life had not formed its purposes definitely. Then the strains grew deeper and broader, and fuller of grand harmony, and the soft notes of the organ's dulciana-stop was like a sweet trumpet-tone from the heights above to the wanderer in the valley. And then the music seemed to climb, and soar, and grow grander and fuller, and at last the heights were climbed and the valley was below. The melody died away in long and throbbing chords, and at last was still.

She had never heard it played with such a meaning infused into it before. It was like something new to her. As she wondered over it, the player began again, and she recognized another of Beethoven's exquisite compositions, the "Sonata Pathetique."

Deep and grand, and full of sorrowful, wailing minor chords the melody filled the church. It was like the plaint of a life whose hopes had perished; whose dreams had proved themselves to be *only* dreams. She found the tears dropping over her cheeks as she listened.

In low and sobbing strains the harmony died, and she heard the player preparing to quit the loft. The moonbeams had climbed higher, and the organ-pipes glittered in their radiance. She got up to go, with one last look toward the loft.

The player turned. The moonlight lit up his face with soft splendor. She started, and a cry broke over her lips.

"John! oh, John!"

He heard her. In a moment he was at her side.

"Is it Alice?" he asked, with a voice shaken by emotion. "It sounded like her voice."

"It *was* her voice!" she cried. "Oh, John, I have been so lonely."

"My darling!" He held her to his breast and kissed her. And, with his arms about her, she was at rest at last. The old, vague restlessness was gone.

Hand in hand they left the church. Up and down the odd, crooked streets they walked, and talked, and like a troubled dream the years of loneliness and separation faded out in the strange, new happiness of the present.

"After many days," he said, as they parted that night. "God has been good to us, Alice, my darling."

She went up to her room with his kiss upon her lips; with sweet thoughts stirring her heart. At last love had come back to her, after many days.

☞ Some of our society belles who have returned from abroad, wear very beautiful wigs of golden hair, which can hardly be detected after the closest inspection, the peculiar fashion of wearing the hair at present being a good preventive of all discoveries.

NORMA AND I.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May."

Norma Raymond was my best friend, my constant companion, the sharer of my girlish joys, and the consoler of my girlish sorrows. She was seventeen years old, and as beautiful as a poet's dream. The verse I have quoted above describes her personal appearance perfectly, as far as it goes. In addition to the charms there enumerated, she had roguish, laughing lips, red as a cluster of scarlet phlox, and abundant auburn hair, that persisted in curling all over her head in bewitching, bewildering tangles. Her little figure was round and plump and graceful; her hands were soft and tapering; and her feet—had she lived in those times, Cinderella would never have caught the Prince.

Of course a girl with such attractions was not without admirers. Norma had lovers by the score, from Dr. Arnold, the greatest catch in the village, down to Sammy Jones, the shoemaker's apprentice. She treated them with the greatest impartiality; that is, when she was in a good humor she was bewitchingly gracious, and when she was in the sulks (and this latter mood was by no means uncommon) she snubbed them all most unmercifully. I do not think any of them succeeded in touching her tender, but willful little heart.

I was a year older than Norma, and not half as handsome. To be sure, my rustic admirer, Ben Brown, (romantic name!) declared that I was much the prettier of the two; but then his judgment was biased in my favor. I was tall, with a lithe and vigorous form, and a brilliant complexion. My dark brown hair was long and thick, and my dusky eyes were large and really beautiful. Altogether, I was passably good looking, but not to be compared with my faultlessly beautiful friend.

We lived in Elmville, a sleepy old village nestled in a little valley between the green hills. A little, winding river crept silently through the valley, along which grew some ancient, stately elms, from which the town took its name.

Like most other villages of its class, Elmville was famous for gossipers and scandal-mongers. Each man knew his neighbor's business better than he did his own, and Mrs. A. was perfectly familiar with the doings of Mrs. B. or Mrs. C. Perhaps this was as good a state of affairs as any, as nobody was likely to be overlooked or forgotten.

One June morning I gathered a bouquet of royal red roses, and sallied across the one street which the village boasted, called in the Elmville Eagle, Main street, to have a chat with my friend and confidante. I found her seated in the parlor, entertaining her elegant lover, young Doctor Arnold.

"Oh, Maggie, I am so glad to see you; I have something particular to tell you," said Norma.

"Good-morning, Miss Lyon," blandly said the doctor. "You look as fresh as the roses in your hand. This balmy air is wonderfully reviving and exhilarating."

"It is better for the health than your 'potions and pills,' isn't it, doctor?" laughed Norma.

"Far better, I assure you, Miss Norma. It is almost equal, in its beneficial effects, to a sight of your surpassingly lovely face."

"Really, doctor, that is a very pretty compliment. How came you to think of anything so charming?"

Doctor Arnold blushed, and looked rather foolish.

"You should not ridicule a man's honest sentiments," he said.

"Indeed? Well, sir, I never do ridicule any one's *honest* sentiments," she replied.

"Why not call a fellow a liar at once?" said the doctor, laughing, but evidently not very well pleased. "You girls play the very deuce with a fellow's feelings. You blush and smile and look as pretty as possible, and then, when a man gets in earnest, you laugh at him and call him a hypocrite. But I must bid you good-day, fair ladies; I have some important professional calls to make."

So saying, he arose and bowed himself out of the house.

"He is gone at last," exclaimed Norma, joyfully. "I was really afraid the tiresome man was going to stay all day."

"Why, Norma Raymond," I said in astonishment, "you are certainly the strangest girl I ever saw. Here is Doctor Arnold, the most desirable young man to be found, ready to fall at your feet, and yet you scarcely give him a civil word. Any other girl would give her eyes to catch him."

"Would you?" asked Norma, quietly.

"I did not mean myself—I do not admire the young man," I replied.

"Neither do I. Now, Maggie, dear, I want to tell you some good news. My brother Frank will be home from Europe in a few days, and a distant cousin, Herbert Raymond, is coming with him. You never saw either of them, did you? Well, Frank is very good-looking. I want you to like him for my sake; and Herbert is the handsomest man I ever saw. I suppose you think I am heartless, but I may as well tell you now that my cousin has a very large place in my foolish heart."

"Are you engaged?"

"Well, no, we are not actually engaged, but we understand each other very well. I ought to have told you this before, but I wanted you to see him and judge whether or not I had made a good choice."

"He ought to be a magnificent man to be worthy of you," I said, "How soon will they be here?"

"Possibly in two or three days, in a week at the furthest. Now, Maggie, you may as well be prepared to lose your susceptible heart, for my brother is uncommonly handsome."

At this moment a door opened, and Aunt Eliza Raymond entered.

Aunt Eliza (as she was called by everybody,) was a remarkable woman. She was deaf and blind to a lamentable degree. She could scarcely distinguish one person from another, and as she was hard of hearing herself, she fancied every one else equally unfortunate, and so talked in disagreeably loud tones.

"This is Maggie Lyon, I believe," she said. "I hope you are well?"

"Perfectly so, I thank you; are you well yourself?" I replied.

"How am I since I fell? Why, child, I haven't had a fall since last winter, and I got over that entirely in a few weeks. I thought you knew about it."

Norma laughed, and I was obliged to raise my voice to explain.

"I asked you if you were well?" I screamed in her ear.

"Oh! excuse me, I can't hear very well sometimes. Yes, yes, my dear, I can't complain about my health."

"Although the day is so warm, you look delightfully fresh and cool," I continued, thinking to gain her good opinion by a compliment—for like other "maiden ladies of uncertain age," she was not averse to flattery if judiciously administered.

"You think I look like a fool? Well, really, young lady, this is a very strange way to talk to a lady several years older than yourself. I am astonished at you, Maggie Lyon!"

Norma went into another *fit of* uncontrollable laughter, and it was some time before I could make Aunt Eliza understand what I

really did say. She was greatly delighted with my opinion of her appearance, as I fancied she would be, and presently she got up and left the room, smiling upon me most benignly.

Norma and I chatted briskly for a good while. At last I rose to depart.

"You must come over again to-morrow," said Norma. "I want you to help me make some preparations for our expected guests."

I promised, readily enough. I must own that I had a curiosity to see my friend's handsome brother.

The next afternoon I ran over to Mr. Raymond's, intending to assist Norma in her "preparations."

I was bare-headed; my hair was hanging loosely over my shoulders, and my face was flushed with exercise. Altogether I presented a very unlady-like appearance.

I rushed unceremoniously into the parlor, expecting to find Norma alone. She was not there at all, however. Aunt Eliza sat in a huge rocking-chair, fanning herself vigorously.

"Why, Maggie, how do you do, my dear?" she said warmly. "Mr. Raymond, this is our neighbor's daughter, Maggie Lyon; Maggie, this is my first cousin, Herbert Raymond."

I turned my eyes upon the gentlemen who came forward to shake hands with me, and blushed until my cheeks burned like fire. Mr. Raymond extended his white hand gracefully, while his laughing eyes surveyed my elegant attire.

"Norma wrote to me often about her dear friend, Miss Lyon," he said in a low, musical voice. "She was enthusiastic in her praises of you."

"You must have a poor opinion of her taste, I fear," I replied, trying to laugh.

"On the contrary, I have a better opinion of her judgment now than ever before."

"Where is Norma?" I asked, turning to Aunt Eliza.

"The sky looks stormy! Why, no, child, there isn't a cloud to be seen!" answered the old lady.

I repeated my question in a louder tone. This time she understood me.

"Oh! She went out riding with her brother a bit ago. She will be back before long."

At this moment, Mr. Raymond burst into a hearty laugh. I laughed also, although I felt myself in an awkward position. I ventured to take a good look at my friend's future husband, as he sat in the golden light of the declining sun. No wonder Norma loved him. He was by far the handsomest man I had ever seen. His eyes were a sunny blue, his waving hair soft and golden, and his full lips shaded by a yellow, silken beard. As my eyes rested on his face, full of the admiration that I felt, I encountered his smiling, yet earnest gaze. In spite of myself, my eyes fell before his, and I felt the hot blood rush to the very roots of my hair. My hands trembled, and I felt a strange emotion at my heart. Was I in danger of falling in love with Norma's acknowledged suitor?

I slipped out of the house as soon as possible, and hurried home. As I reached my own door, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and looking around, I beheld Norma Raymond riding up the street with a strange gentleman—her brother, of course. He was very tall and dark and elegant looking, wholly unlike his fair-faced, beautiful sister.

Norma smiled and waved her hand, and the gentleman bowed, but I ran into the house ere they had a chance to converse with me, intending to make myself more presentable.

My evil genius must have been hovering near that evening. As I was hurrying toward a neighbor's house on some trifling errand, with a sunbonnet drawn close over my face, I caught my foot under one of the loose boards with which the street was paved, and stumbled into the arms of a passing gentleman. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and gave a confused look at the face of my late "companion in arms."

"Mr. Raymond!" I gasped, recognizing Norma's elegant brother.

"That is my name," said the gentleman, smiling. "And you, I presume, are Miss Lyon, the dear friend of—"

"I am Maggie Lyon," I interrupted, "and Norma Raymond is my especial friend. You must think me terribly awkward, but this detestable side-walk is really unsafe to travel over."

"It is in a rather dilapidated condition, indeed. But I will not complain, if only such accidents as this happen. Good evening, Miss Lyon, I hope to see you again soon."

With a bow and a smile, Mr. Raymond passed on his way, while I did the same.

This, then, was the "handsome brother" with whom I was prepared to fall in love. I was a good deal disappointed. To be sure, he was very good looking, but his dark face and haughty bearing were not to my taste. Compared with his golden-haired cousin, Frank Raymond appeared very commonplace in my eyes.

The next day Norma appeared at our door, accompanied by her brother and lover.

"These gentlemen tell me that they are already acquainted with you," she said, "so there is no need of any further introductions. I hope you will be good friends."

"Judging from the affectionate manner in which Miss Lyon met me last evening, I think I already have her good opinion," laughed Frank Raymond, twisting his jetty moustache.

I laughed, and meeting Herbert Raymond's calm blue eyes, blushed furiously.

"What a lovely color you have this morning," said Norma, mischievously. "Do you know my brother said last night that he thought you one of the prettiest girls he ever saw."

I glanced at the tall, dignified young man before me. He appeared as calm and stately as ever, while Herbert laughed and blushed like a school-boy. I could not understand it, but my eyes drooped and my heart beat fast as I met his glance.

"We are going to get up a picnic to-morrow," continued Norma, "and we came over to tell you about it. You must be sure to go, as all the young folks of the village will be there."

"I shall be delighted to go. But why are you in such a hurry?"

"Oh, we are going to call at Uncle John's; Frank is very anxious to see him."

They passed on down the street, and I continued my household duties, thinking more than once of Herbert Raymond's golden curls and sunny eyes.

The next morning dawned clear and beautiful. At an early hour a gay party repaired to the shady common back of the town, to spend the day in busy idleness beneath the spreading trees. Nearly all the young men of the neighborhood were there, among them Dr. Arnold. His usually cheerful face was sad and gloomy, however, as he could find no opportunity to converse with the lady he so much admired, Miss Raymond. Her time was monopolized by her lover and brother to a large extent.

"What ails you to-day, Doctor?" asked Norma at length, noticing his mournful countenance. "You have scarcely spoken a word to me to-day. What have I done to offend you?"

"Nothing at all, I assure you, Miss Raymond. But as Mrs. Browning or somebody else has it—

> 'I fear you, because you are far too fair,
> And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your golden hair.'

A man should be cautious in your presence, if he wishes to remain heart-whole."

Norma laughed softly and tossed back her rippling curls.

"Ah! but my hair isn't golden; in plain language it is red, and your soul must be very small, if it could be strangled in my short locks."

"Were you ever serious in your life?" asked the melancholy young physician.

"Certainly—when I had the measles. For two weeks my face was as solemn as Elder Snorewell's."

"Will you walk with me, Miss Norma? I have something particular to say to you."

"You must excuse me, Dr. Arnold, as I see my brother and cousin coming towards us. They have been away so long, that I like to enjoy their society as much as possible."

Doctor Arnold's countence fell, and he turned away with a frown, as the ubiquitous "brother and cousin" drew near. Frank Raymond entered into conversation with his sister, while Herbert came over to where I stood, leaning idly against a tree, watching some tiny clouds floating across the western sky.

"Miss Lyon, shall we take a stroll?" he said, in his low, rich voice.

I looked up in astonishment. His honest blue eyes looked straight into mine.

"I have no objections," I replied, "but will not Norma desire your company?"

"Norma is better employed," he laughed.

I looked in her direction. She was sitting on the soft grass, while Frank reclined at her side, talking earnestly. Certainly they were an affectionate brother and sister.

Mr Raymond and I walked slowly beneath the spreading trees, he talking all the while in soft, sweet tones. He told me of the wonders of foreign lands—of lovely France, of sunny Spain, of beautiful Italy, and I listened in silence, thrilled, bewildered, enchanted. He was so different from any man I had ever seen, so gentle, so intelligent, so refined, that my heart went out to him unconsciously. "We needs must love the highest when we see it;" and love is no more to be controlled than flood or flame.

The long summer's day drew to a close at last, and the young people retired to their respective homes. That night when I sought my pillow, I wooed old Morpheus in vain. I could not sleep. Herbert Raymond's beautiful face and graceful form rose continually before my eyes, and fancy pictured "what might have been," had I met him ere he was pledged to another. Although I had known him but eight and forty hours, I knew that I loved him—deeply and truly. In fervent natures like mine, love does not require an age to spring into life. But I knew that my love was hopeless. Herbert Raymond was, or soon would be, the affianced husband of my dearest friend; I resolved to avoid him as much as possible, and to crush the unfortunate passion out of my heart.

I saw but little of the Raymonds for the next two weeks. I went to their house as little as possible, and Norma was too much interested in her lover to seek my company very much. My plan failed to have the desired effect, however. "Absence only makes us fonder," says some one; and my love for Herbert Raymond grew deeper and stronger daily, fastest of dying, as I had hoped.

One evening, at twilight, Norma rushed into my room, flushed and excited.

"Maggie, I have important news," she said. "Frank and Herbert are obliged to leave home again in a day or two, and we are going to give a party to-morrow night in their honor. Some pressing business calls them away, and they will not be back for a long while."

She came to the window, and held up her hand so that the fading light fell upon a glittering ring. I knew what the tiny circle of gold meant.

"So you and Herbert are engaged?" I said, in a voice that I tried hard to render cheerful.

She laughed softly, and threw her arms around my neck.

"Yes, dear old Maggie, we are—and I am so happy! Why don't you congratulate me?"

"I do, with all my heart; I hope you will be happy," I faltered.

"What do you think of Herbert—isn't he handsome?"

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," I answered, truthfully.

"So I think. But about this party—it will be a gay affair, and you must be sure to come, dressed in your prettiest. Brother Frank is dying to see you. I really believe the boy has fallen in love with you."

"Nonsense!" I laughed, "the boy, as you call him, has too much good sense for that."

"Well, we will not argue the point. You will come to the party then?"

"Yes, I will come—to please you," I replied.

"Good-night," said Norma, kissing me, and running out of the room as quickly as she came in.

The next evening, when I entered Mr. Raymond's house, the "aristocracy" of the town was already assembled. The two musicians were perched upon a raised platform, engaged in tuning their violins. At last the strings were in chord; the bows moved, and drew out the first sweet notes of a bewildering waltz. Then the first violin shouted "All ready!" "And as his flying fingers kissed the strings," the couples upon the floor commenced turning and swaying to the enchanting melody. I seated myself in a dark corner, intending to play the role of wallflower; but presently Herbert Raymond came around to where I sat, and bent his golden head close to my face.

"Shall I have the next dance with you, Miss Lyon?"

I hesitated. "I do not wish to dance," I faltered, without looking up.

"But you will dance this once with me? Say yes, please?"

I raised my eyes to his. They were tender and pleading. The violins sounded forth a sweeter, madder melody. I could not resist.

We took our places on the floor, and the next moment were whirling through the giddy mazes of the dance. My partner held me firmly, his blue eyes looked into mine, and his silken beard touched my glowing cheek. I forgot my good resolutions, I forgot that this man belonged to another; the love in my soul surged up and overpowered all lesser thoughts. When the dance came to an end I was flushed, breathless, and happy.

"Let us go out on the porch; the air here is stifling," said my companion.

I obeyed, mechanically. The summer wind was cool and soft; the silver moon shone brightly in the dark blue sky. The frogs croaked ceaselessly in a distant swamp, and the whipporwils sang their mournful songs in the tree-tops.

"How beautiful everything is to-night," I said, standing in the weird moonlight.

He came close to my side, and caught my hands in his.

"How beautiful you are, my peerless, black-eyed darling!" he said softly. "Oh, Maggie, my sweet wild rose, I love you, I love you! Can you ever learn to care for me any?"

For a moment I forgot everything but the bliss of being loved.

"Better than life, better than my own soul, I love you now!" I murmured.

He threw his arms around me, he pressed warm kisses on my trembling lips. One moment of ineffable happiness, and then I struggled from his embrace, shivering as with cold.

"You have no right to address such language to me," I said, huskily.

"Why not?" he asked, holding my hands fast.

"What would your betrothed say, if she knew of it?"

"My betrothed! Who is she?"

"Why, my friend, Norma Raymond, of course!" I answered, indignantly.

He gazed at me for a moment, and commenced laughing.

"Why, little girl, you are mightily mistaken; Norma Raymond is my sister."

"Your sister!" I gasped, utterly bewildered.

"Most certainly. Good gracious! is it possible that you have mistaken me for my cousin all this time?"

"But Aunt Eliza introduced you as her first cousin, Herbert Raymond. Why did she do that?"

"You know that Aunt Eliza is lamentably blind; at a little distance she can scarcely see at all. She mistook me for my cousin Herbert, and I was so much amused at her blunder, that I did not correct it. I supposed of course that you would discover the mistake in a little while."

"What an idiot I have been!" I exclaimed, half laughing, half crying. "I might have known by the resemblance that you were Norma's brother. It was a ludicrous mistake."

"'All's well that ends well,' you know, Maggie; and as you loved me when you thought me bound to another, I hope you will not love me any less when you know that I am free, and entirely devoted to you. Will you, my darling?"

For answer, I laid my head on his shoulder, and wept joyful tears.

We entered the house again presently, and joined once more in the dance. The music, it seemed to me, was gladder and sweeter than ever before. It seemed to waft my soul up into Heaven.

Ere he left me that night, Frank Raymond slipped a glittering ring on my finger, and called me his "little wife." And when the summer died, and the green leaves changed to gold, there was a double wedding, and Norma and I were married to the men we loved.

GARNET KNIGHT'S VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

"*Miss Knight!*"

Miss Knight stooped to the porch floor for a rose which had slipped from the rustic table before her, ere bestowing a smiling inquiry on the laughing girl hurrying to her side. As the rose was dropped into the vase, under shadow of a spotless cluster of jasmine, the same voice laughed in moderated tones close beside her,

"Miss Knight, '*my son*' has arrived!"

The beautiful though rather sad face of the lady addressed lighted into mirthfulness.

"Then he is not a myth, as you have insisted, Allaine."

The other laughed, then said:

"If you could have seen dear Mrs. Thulin's wrinkled face when she told me the pleasant news, five minutes since, you would set the man down as an angel."

"And his name;"

"Is only 'my son' thus far," laughed Allaine. "But of course he has a name, and if the dear old lady should continue to forget to give it, we can act on the supposition that her own was bestowed upon him. And, apropos of this, she has, she told me, kept him in like ignorance regarding us. With the same care that his picture has been guarded from our curious eyes, our names have been preserved from his knowledge. We are only known to him as the young friends—beautiful, more beautiful, and most beautiful—who have rendered her first summer at The Haugh a very happy one. But, Miss Knight, is it not delightful that he has taken his mother by surprise in time for us to meet him? You know this is the last day of our visit."

Miss Knight looked excessively amused, and her reply was not quite to the point.

"I presume an invitation to ride into Clifton with me to-night would hardly be accepted, since it is more than likely this Admirable Crichton will be the escort of his mother's guests."

The girl blushed rosy red.

"Now, Miss Knight, you know very well that I am only curious, and a little talkative. You should not doubt that I am delighted to accept your offer. But Mrs. Thulan expects to send us home."

"Mrs. Thulan cannot send us all at once, and in consideration of that I ordered Pete to hire a carriage."

"Pete!" exclaimed Allaine. "Pete and Milly! Miss Knight, those two Africans of yours are my especial admiration. Pete with his gray head, and tall, portly Milly, with her gorgeous turbans, are nonpareils just fitted to serve my auburn-haired princess in disguise."

"Your princess! You are romantic, little Allaine," smiled Miss Knight, taking one of the vases from a mass of refuse leaves and petals.

"Yes, I suppose I am," returned Allaine, picking up the other vase and following Miss Knight. "Nevertheless it's just what I entitled you at first sight. You look every inch the princess, and, besides, you came flitting into Clifton village in precisely the quiet, unexpected way preferred by such personages. So it will be useless to tell me you have no strange, romantic mystery hidden from our eyes."

The girl was rattling on too heedlessly to observe the pained expression sweeping the face instantly bowed low over the blooming vase. When it was again lifted there was only a smile on the lips that said,

"We'll drop that question in favor of one more important. Would not a very few delicate ferns improve this? I shall have ample time to get them before the dressing-bell rings." And the rose was held off for critical examination.

At this point the drawing-room was reached, and between replying and accepting the plandits of a sprightly group seated there, Allaine slipped from her late topic to forget it entirely a few minutes later. Amid the general chattering the first token of a new presence on the scene was the delighted comment:

"How lovely your vases are, Garnet!"

The next instant Mrs. Thulan's beautiful guest was bending her graceful head in acknowledgment of the introduction:

"My son, Philip Heath, Miss Knight."

The sudden rigidity of Philip Heath's mouth, and the wild, startled expression in Miss Knight's eyes passed unobserved, and Mrs. Thulan went smilingly on with the ceremony in hand. Ere it was finished, Philip Heath saw a stately form rapidly thridding the old garden's wild mazes, and presently vanish in a tangle of blossoms and leaves. And all through the gay discursive talk which followed he kept diligent, though furtive, watch over those alleys. When the dressing-bell at length rung, the longed-for moment of release, he caught up his panama, and hurried through the same wild mazes and blossoming tangle which Miss Knight had awhile before.

After a little he came upon her down by the shaded creek running beyond the garden limits. She sat on a rustic bench, a handful of ferns beside her, and all the light dashed from her face by grievous, shadowy lines of pain. With hands loosely clasped, and eyes drearily fixed on the water, she looked the image of stony despair.

He strode noiselessly across the turf, and paused in front of her. Save that her eyes left the water for the wood-daisies at his feet, a slight start was her only acknowledgment of his presence. With folded arms and sternly-compressed lips he stood there gazing down upon her, a perfect tempest of emotion sweeping the rigid calm from his face. Love, anger, pride, followed each other in quick succession; but beyond their mute speech he gave her nothing. The silence, broken only by Nature's sweet monotones, at length grew intolerable, and with a shivering breath she sprang up, appealing eye and tightly-clasped hands intensifying her passionate entreaty.

"Philip! Philip, speak to me! Just once, Philip! Just once!"

And her hands went desperately up to loosen the arms vainly striving to master the tumultuous heaving of the broad chest.

He caught the daring hands in an almost painful grasp, and the love-tide softened his cold words in spite of himself.

"Why are you here?"

A red flush mounted to her forehead.

"I did not know she was your mother, Philip. How could I imagine Mrs. Thulan the mother of Philip Heath! You never spoke of a second marriage."

He flushed this time, explaining hastily:

"I was thinking of another thing, Garnet. Why are you at Clifton? Is *he* here?"

Eye and voice grew steely cold as he pressed the inquiry.

"No! no!" she cried. "How can you be so cruel? He is nothing to me—or—I mean—since we left Nice, I have not seen him. Oh, Philip, believe in me! Trust me!"

He dropped her hands and drew her within his arms. She had no cause to plead for tenderness now. His voice shook over the low-toned entreaty.

"To-day you will give me the confidence I have a right to claim, darling!"

"Oh, Philip! Philip!"

Winding one arm about his neck she drew down with the other the nobly-cast head till his cheek lay close against her own. The fierce, anguished passion striking through words and caress penetrated his soul, dispelling for a moment every vestige of hope.

"I am answered?" he murmured, when she lay quiet, almost breathless against his shoulder.

The clinging arms alone assented. But hoping against hope, he presently said:

"You faltered over those words, 'he is nothing to me.' Can you now repeat them calmly and steadily?"

The wild gust of emotion had expended itself. Withdrawing from his embracing arms she crossed her hands in nerveless despair over her bosom, answering drearily—

"I can only repeat what I said four years ago: 'Trust me and forget me!'"

"And it is to be farewell again, Garnet?"

"It must be, alas!"

And ere the protest just parting his lips could be uttered, she had caught up the ferns and darted away.

Miss Knight reached her dressing-room at a late moment, and the toilet was necessarily a hasty one; but it proved a success. Even Philip Heath thought he had never seen her look so lovely as when she floated, a delicate blue cloud, into his mother's drawing-room, the flush of excitement burning redly on either cheek, and her only ornaments a spray of white flowers in hair and bosom.

She bore herself well through the painful ordeal of being handed to dinner by Philip Heath, to whom she was immediately consigned by the proud and happy Mrs. Thulan. And all through the painful hours which followed she bore herself well. If her voice sometimes wavered musically over the plaintive strains of the ballads this same mother insisted should be sung, Philip Heath alone knew of the memories by which it was shaken. But the miserable hours at last came to an end, and beside the carriage he took her hand in a silent and crushing farewell clasp.

Somewhat later, Pete, entering the apartment over which his spouse reigned supreme, abruptly announced—

"Mars' Heat's at de Haugh, Milly!"

Milly dropped the poker just taken up, exclaiming in nerveless astonishment—

"Mars' Heat'!"

"Yes, Mars' Heat!"

Milly recovered herself.

"You mus' be a-dreamin', Pete. What'd Mars' Heat' be a-doin' at de Haugh?"

"I dunno what he's a-doin', Milly; but I knows he's dar! An' I tell you what, Milly, I wish ter goodness de Haugh'd a-dropped ter de bottom ob de Red Sea afore ebber we heerd ob it!"

Quite recovered from her momentary astonishment and doubt, Milly answered tartly—

"Aint you 'shamed ob yourself, Pete, ter go a-rebellin' agin Proverdence like dat!"

"Well ef you'd a-seed Miss Garnet at de carriage, a-smilin' wid her purty lips, an' her great eyes wid a shadder in 'em dat look jes like as ef she was a bankerin' ter go ter de poor ole Mars', you'd nebber scole knee I wish."

"Jes as of I haint seed her wid plenty ob shadders 'bout her, poor dear," sniffed Milly, contemptuously; adding, the next minute, in more amiable tones, "But I dunno, Pete, 'bout her gwine to ole Mars'—for iso mighty onsartin' whar ole Mars' be, when I 'members how we all stood a-swarin' what he'd no bizzen ter make nobody swar—an' he wid bof his feet jes in de grave!"

"But, Milly, ef ole Mars' could see all de trouble he's made, he'd be sorry, I dessay."

"An' what good would dat do, you ole silly, while Miss Garnet's a-losin' all her sunshine?" flamed Milly. "Jes as ef all de sorry in de warl could take away de suff'rin'!"

"Pete, snubbed into genuine dejectedness, commenced meekly—

"Well, Milly, we bof know ef Mars' Ru—"

"Hush!" commanded Milly, with an imperious emphasis that made him quake. "Hain't I told you nebber, on no 'casion, ter mention dat name? Do you want ter bring him down on us agin? Don' you know de old sayin', 'Speak ob de debbil an' he's shur to 'pear?' Ef you don', I'll tell you now, dat as shur as your name's Pete, an' mine's Milly, you'll see him, claws, tail, horns an' all, in de pusson ob dat individual you wanted ter mention, ef you but jes whisper his name. Dar now!"

Vanquished at all points, Milly's lesser half gave up the contest.

A blossoming, fruited season finished the year, unmarked by another meeting between Philip Heath and Garnet.

Mrs. Thulan left town for The Haugh quite early, and accompanied by a bevy of young people, who spared no pains to make the summer one long gala day.

Garnet called without delay; but in spite of Mrs. Thulan's affectionate entreaties and reproaches, contrived to avoid frequent visits to The Haugh, the possibility of encountering Philip Heath being suggestive of a pain too sharp to be lightly invited. But she soon found this pain had to be met. Philip Heath one day arrived at The Haugh.

"He will stay a whole month this time, Garnet," chirped Mrs. Thulan at the cottage on a certain bright morning, "and you will have to come a little oftener to The Haugh He will be sent for you, and drop it in your memory that Philip Heath takes 'no' from none. By the way, my dear, I am hoping—a very quiet hope though—that he will some day give me a daughter."

"Ah!" Garnet responded, not seeing very clearly, for a moment, the scarf she was adjusting about her visitor's shoulders.

"Yes, that bright little creature Eva Norman. You remember meeting her when you were last at The Haugh? You should; for she has gone wild over you, and wants to know you better. So I shall send her here with Philip very soon. Mind, soon!" And she did. The next day they came.

Garnet was among her flowers and shrubs in the front yard, and there was no chance for escape and preparation. By the time she had thrown down her gardening implements, and drawn off her gum gloves, they stood beside her.

Philip Heath bent low over her extended hand as it slipped from the clasp of the lovely girl at his side, but he uttered no word of greeting—scarcely looked at her she thought. That, however, was not so. The red on her cheek was none the less becoming that active labor among her roses and lilies had called it there, and she was too beautiful and stately a woman to be overlooked by any eye. He did look and thought also, the winsome Eva giving the while enthusiastic voice to her appreciation of Miss Knight's faultless garden.

"But will you not admire it from the parlor window?" smiled Garnet as the girl withdrew her piquant little nose, all tipped with yellow pollen, from the cup of the great white lily she had been worshiping.

No, they would not go within doors.

"With your permission, Miss Knight, we will appropriate these rustic seats, and make known our sylvan business in something like sylvan style," replied Eva, bestowing herself on one with an air of intense satisfaction at having escaped the threatened parlor.

Philip Heath had said nothing during all this. Being, however, a man who managed his silences full as well as other men do their words, it seemed altogether fitting that he should allow Miss Norman to do his talking as well as her own. A favor, by the way, which the little lady was at all times willing enough to grant him, and all others. Miss Norman took as naturally to talking as birds take to singing. But now she looked expectantly at her cavalier, and he spoke.

"Miss Knight, I am the bearer of a note from my mother containing an entreaty—not an invitation," he smiled, rising and placing the missive in her hand. "To-morrow we are going over to the river woods to spend the day as this young lady and her confederate choose to command," bowing smilingly to Eva, "and my mother hopes you will join us."

There was something so formal in the way this explanation was made that Garnet wondered, amidst her pain, whether the sentences had been prepared for the occasion. The current of her thought was broken, and the refusal stayed upon her lips by Eva.

"I see the shadow of a coming no in your face, Miss Knight. Please do not give it expression. We can't listen to it, indeed. You have no idea how delightful the day will prove. We shall fish, boat, walk, dance and sing, besides a thousand other charming things impossible to dot on the programme."

Garnet's no found voice, however, calling another torrent of entreaties from Miss Norman. And here Philip Heath spoke again.

"Grant us this favor, Miss Knight. Do not refuse, I entreat."

To Garnet who knew him so well, the tone bore a certain significance, and she glanced inquiringly toward him. But his eyes had promptly left her face, and he was slowly plucking away the petals of a jasmine flower stolen awhile before from Eva Norman's belt. Nevertheless she felt the words were meant to warn her against a too marked avoidance of The Haugh. At all events they served as a warning, and she was casting about in her mind how to reverse her decision gracefully when he came to her assistance.

"You have not read my mother's note, Miss Knight," he said, tossing away the despoiled stem. "Perhaps you will grant her what you have denied us."

Apparently she did; for after a time they bore to The Haugh her gracious though tardy acceptance of the invitation.

Once more alone with her flowers and shrubs she tried, woman-like, to live the brief visit over again—tried to cull a morsel of sweetness from the words, looks and tones he had left in her memory. But whatever sweetness there had been fell to the lot of Eva Norman, and she queried with something of self abnegation whether the mother's hope had not a base.

The dreaded morrow came, went, and closed into a perfect night. Under a glorious full moon the tired party exchanged gay adieus with Garnet at the cottage gate. Under its soft light too, Philip Heath again bent low over the hand she timidly extended as he turned to leave her at the door. He bent low but scarcely touched the little fingers, and coldly lifting his hat, returned to the carriage.

She watched them out of sight, and then sinking into a seat on the porch, wrung her hands with a low moaning cry that woefully penetrated one loving heart.

"What is it, Miss Garnet, honey?" cried Milly from the doorway which she had just reached, all the fond welcome in her eyes effaced by keen anxiety as she leaned over Garnet.

"O Milly! Milly! will it never, never end? I have seen him, the wretched, brutish man who has the right to call me—"

"De dear Lor' what lubs us all, keep us now!" sobbed Milly in unaffected dismay. Then with the peculiar, happy faculty which she possessed of slipping away from disagreeable probabilities, she added—"Am you shur, honey? Mebbe it was some oder poor mis'able sinner."

"No, Milly, it was he—we may as well face the truth; and he knew me!"

"But whar, chile? whar?" eagerly questioned Milly as another moan parted Garnet's white lips.

"On the evening boat for D——, a few of us where out when it slowly steamed by. I had thrown off my hat, and we were quite near, riding the mimic breakers. Suddenly a shout from the lower deck attracted all eyes, and there he stood! O Milly, the mocking triumph in that evil face as he waved his hat in uproarious merriment, was dreadful to one who understood so well his exultation."

"An' Mars' Heat', Miss Garnet?" asked Milly scarcely above a whisper, a certain terror in her eyes.

"He was there," returned Garnet, the apathy of despair touching face and voice.

"But did he see, honey?"

"He saw."

And Garnet bent her head, thinking of the cold, haughty glance Philip Heath had flashed into her eyes, while the others commented on the man's impertinence. Silence reigned for a few minutes. Then Milly burst out with vehement emotion:

"End de sin at onct, Miss Garnet, honey! Break de wicked promise dat be follerin' you wid a curse all dese years. He's shur to farret us out, honey, an' who can tell all de trouble dat may come now ole mars's gone. Tell Mars' Heat' at onct, chile!"

"Never, Milly! Never! I may die, but I'll keep my vow to the bitter end."

Milly, looking at the beautiful face all wan and haggard under the solemn moonlight, thought death might come; and in an inexpressible burst of grief sat down on the porch step, her white apron tight over turban and eyes. Emerging from its folds somewhat later, she again addressed Garnet, who had given no heed to the smothered murmurs and sobs.

"Honey, Ise been a 'cludin' dat it 'll all come right in de Lor's time, so don' you fret no more. Den, honey, dar's another ting," and here her voice recovered its natural vivacious ring, "dis 's all Pete's fault, an' I'll settle him afore I sleeps!"

"Pete's fault! Faithful old Pete!" exclaimed Miss Knight, aroused from her half stupor by this astounding accusation.

"He's all faith'ul 'nough, Miss Garnet; but Pete's nuffin' but a chile. Ebber since I tuk him, nigh on thirty years ago, Ise had to drive him aroun' jes like one, an' you knows yourself, Miss Garnet, dat Ise de bes' man ob us, ef you does say I scole him too much. But bress your heart, honey, Pete would'n be nuffin' widout scolin'—why he would'n eben know hisself for *Pete!*"

Garnet, too sad to smile, asked with dreary interest:

"But how has Pete wrought this trouble, Milly?"

"It's all along ob his talkin', honey. Pete's tongue's jes like de ole eight-day clock—it nebber stops a-tickin' till it's clean run down. An' he *mus'* talk 'bout him, you seed, an' he *will* be a mentionin' ob his name in spite ob me a-tellin' him ebery minute ob de cons'quence ob talkin' 'bout de—de ole gemman below! I 'clare dis be all Pete's doin'!"

Milly was erect now, the rehearsal of Pete's delinquencies bringing her round from her grief as nothing else could.

"Don't worry Pete, Milly, he is innocent, I assure you," returned Garnet as, still too heavy-hearted to smile, she ended the conversation by rising and going within doors.

But Pete heard of it in due time.

The weeks brought solace to the cottage household. No troublesome visitor appeared. And under the certainty that the danger had passed, Garnet's eyes lost the anxious, terrified expression they had lately worn. When, therefore, at the end of the month following the picnic, Mrs. Thulan dropped into the cottage with one of her urgent invitations, Garnet accorded the desired assent, smiling a little sadly at the lady's concluding words:

"You need society, Garnet—are actually losing flesh and color for the want of it; and yet you will persist in leading this hermit-like life. Our gay party will do you a world of good, I know."

It was, however, a very reluctant consent that Mrs. Thulan gained. Philip Heath's presence at The Haugh made the prospect of an evening there a dreaded ordeal to Miss Knight. True they had met frequently since the picnic; but these meetings had been productive of anything but happiness to her, whatever their effect upon him.

The appointed evening arrived. Miss Knight sat before her dressing-glass, Milly stationed proudly at her back. This office of lady's maid which Milly occasionally filled with high credit to her taste was one of importance in her estimation, and in anticipation of its duties this evening she had bestowed no little time upon her own person. And as she stood there with the wavy, curling masses of dark auburn hair sweeping over her arm almost to the floor, she was a picture in herself, as Garnet thought, affectionately regarding in the mirror the really commanding form in its white draperies and scarlet tower of a turban.

Milly's fingers elaborated no disfiguring chignon. Soft waving curls swept back from the ears, and heavy classic coils alone graced the shapely head under her hands.

"An' now, Miss Garnet, chile, let me put on de pearls," she entreated as the last folds of the white silk, with its illusion over-dress, was drawn in place.

"Poor papa! I've not worn them since he died, Milly," Garnet replied, a little tremulously.

"I knows it, honey; an' mighty sorry he'd be ef he could see de purty things forebber hid in de dark."

It was a powerful argument, she well knew, and presently the long-closed casket lay open on the table.

"Dey's jes as purty as ebber!" chuckled Milly, gently lifting the coronal—a beautiful, tremulous thing fashioned of pearls and finest threads of gold into exquisite sprays of valley lilies—and fixing it above Garnet's brow. A tiny spray caught in either ear, and one fastened at the throat, completed Milly's work.

Fresh from the hands of her tire-woman, Garnet stood in her parlor beneath the girandole's soft, lustrous rays adjusting a bouquet in its silver holder. Ere the pretty task was ended a carriage rolled up to the gate. That was not startling; but a rapid step directly crushing the gravel was so. She had expected the carriage only, and the delicate illusion d aping arms and shoulders told an old-time story in its quick undulations.

Under Milly's hand the door swung back and closed again. The lily-crowned head bent a courteous, stately greeting. For an instant Philip Heath stood motionless before the lovely woman, an impassioned "Garnet!" slipping unwittingly over his lips and thrilling her very soul. The next he had recovered his usual calm demeanor, and was beside her.

"At my mother's request I am here to attend you to the Haugh, Miss Knight, and now await your commands."

"Your mother is always kind and thoughtful; but I regret that you should have been thus troubled," Garnet replied with a sad, cold smile. "I shall be ready in a few minutes."

She was about to take up the cap and shawl lying near, when another step dashed across the gravel—a footstep under the ring of which her beautiful features sharpened and whitened, sending her eyes to the door in wild, affrighted expectation.

Philip Heath, amazed at this sudden and painful exhibition of emotion, anxiously drew a pace nearer. But the opening door stayed the half-uttered inquiry, and with haughtily-folded arms, and haughtily curved lips he fixed his gaze on the self-announced intruder.

This intruder was a man numbering some twenty-eight years—a man nobly and rigorously proportioned, and whose face would have been singularly handsome, but for the marring effects of long continued dissipation. With supreme nonchalance he paused on the threshold for a minute's observation. Garnet's eyes riveted pitifully upon his coun, tenance. A cool, supercilious stare measured Philip Heath and passed him without further notice. His regards were then turned on Garnet.

"Halloo, Net!" he blustered out, "You've got yourself up in jolly good style to-night, I declare!"

And thrusting his fingers into his vest pockets, he swaggered across the room with oscillating head, critically eyeing her from the pearled coronal down to the little white slipper.

"Guess you were looking for a fellow," he laughed with sneering significance as he paused in front of her. "Knew you would be when I saw you on the river, and am sorry to have disappointed you so long. But I'm more to be pitied than blamed. You've made your nest in such an out-of-the-way place that it proved a work of time to find you. Here I am, though, at last, and I won't retaliate that mean little trick of yours at Nice. I won't run away from you, you know," he explained with a malicious ogle, adding more graciously the next moment, "but I'll forgive you all that, my dear, if you'll shell out handsomely now. Not a red copper, my dear! Do you see?" shaking an attenuated purse almost in her face.

The tremulous lilies on bosom and hair were no whiter than Garnet's cheeks as, with great dilated eyes that had never once wandered from his face, she listened to this boisterously delivered speech. But a crimson flush dyed their pallor when he drew a step nearer, with:

"Come! Have you nothing to say to a fellow who has been seeking you the world over for the last five years? You are a pretty one now! Let's have a kiss at any rate."

An involuntary shudder plainly attested her repugnance; but doubtless the kiss would have been taken had not Milly's voice at the door invited his attention.

"Mass' Rupert! Mass' Rupert!"

A boisterous laugh fell from his lips as he quickly wheeled round and approached her.

"Well, if here ain't Milly, jolly as ever! Pon honor, old girl, the world's treated you well, anyhow."

Milly did not feel jolly, but she managed

a smiling courtesy for the sake of the white-faced woman beyond; and intent on relieving that woman of a dreaded presence spread a lure.

"I heered your voice in de kitchen, Mass' Rupert, an' said you mus' be dead tired, an' mebbe you'd come an let me git you a nice bit. I members you allers liked to see arter your own steak."

"Well, now, I call that handsome, I do! That's something like a welcome!" he cried in the same noisy tones, casting a resentful glance on the still, motionless Garnet. "I always know *you* were a trump, Milly; and I'll say for you that you never forgot the grub. And I'll tell you what, Milly, a fellow that's stretched his legs over twenty miles is not likely to forget it either. So we'll look the steak up, old girl, and perhaps Net can speak by the time I get through. Oh, but you are a pretty one for a sister!" he concluded, a sardonic laugh giving bitter point to the glance and shrug bestowed on Garnet, as he slammed the door after him and followed Milly.

Up to this moment Philip Heath had continued a haughty observer of the scene; but that last fling, scarcely noticed by Garnet, touched his face with a singularly transforming power. He had no chance to give the emotion expression, for Garnet's voice was ringing sad and uneven as she faced him, eyes and nervous fingers busy with the bouquet trembling in her hand.

"Do not let me detain you: I cannot go. Bear my excuses to your mother if you please. I will bid you good-evening." And the lilied head now bent a cold dismissal.

Heedless of it, he strode impetuously forward. He caught her to his breast, pressing swift kisses on the beautiful face. He showered endearing epithets and reproachful words in the same breath. With delicate, lingering fingers he touched the magnificent hair, and stroked the white cheeks, wooing her from cold, blank, deadly anguish to the flame and red flush of the love smothered at her heart. She bloomed at last like a rose beneath his words and caresses, and if in her deathly pallor she had been queenly and beautiful under the tremulous lilies, she was doubly so in the flush and warmth of this immortal passion.

"He is your brother, and you would not tell me! Garnet! Garnet! who can give us back the five lost years? My darling, what could I think, knowing that you, my promised wife, had more than once secretly met this man, and more than once left him with his kiss warm on your lips? O Garnet, I could have cursed the spot that witnessed those meetings; and how wretched the years have been since, only Eternity can show! Why did you refuse to explain, love?" drawing her gently to a seat beside him on the sofa. "What spirit of obstinacy possessed you?" he continued, smiling into the eyes now radiantly happy.

"No spirit of obstinacy, Philip," she answered. "A solemn vow to my dying father sealed my lips."

She paused a minute to crush back the thick-coming sobs and tears, and then resumed:

"Rupert was papa's first born, and alas! his terrible curse. Loving only evil from boyhood to maturity; sinking lower and lower day by day and year by year into depths of infamy too vile to be named by a woman's lips, he became what I need not depict to one who has looked upon him. For years our home was a Tophet with his frantic orgies and brutish tastes—for years we strove to reclaim him by all loving means, and then came the end of banishment from the hearth his vices had desecrated.

"But bills, honorable and dishonorable, poured upon papa till he was almost ruined. Half-crazed by the grief and shame heaped upon us, he made in his last days a fair division of his property, leaving me my portion by will. Rupert's was handed to him in cash, on condition that he should take an eternal leave of us both, and never molest me, either directly or indirectly. He promised readily enough, natural affection having no place in his bosom.

A few days later and papa was dying. Then it was that he demanded of me a most solemn promise never to disgrace his memory or myself by revealing the tie that bound me to Rupert. Overwhelmed with grief and care, my better judgment was yielded to his wishes, and with Pete and Milly I swore that which sealed to me five years of unutterable misery.

"Then came our meeting and engagement, and, all too soon, Rupert's repudiation of his engagements and the old demand for money. I had never anticipated this; but the weight of my vow was upon me and I bought him off. This I did again and again, each time fruitlessly hoping it was the last.

"But soon realizing all the misery that must ensue from the secrecy I felt myself bound to observe toward you, I resolved to end our engagement, and elude Rupert by an immediate and secret return to my native land. Your suspicions and promptitude aided me through the first task, and—"

"And now you are mine! mine forever, poor darling!" interrupted Philip Heath. "Look at this, dear," and he drew from his watch-guard the blazing gem that had graced Garnet's hand five years before, and slipped it on the finger since grown a trifle slender. "I could not but keep it as a precious relic, Garnet, and now I understand the wherefore."

"To bind you to shame, Philip!"

"To bind me to the woman I love, my Garnet," he smiled.

"But Rupert?"

"I will deal with him, and drive him over to the depot ere I return to The Haugh. That I may safely promise; and also, that he will never trouble my wife."

It was sweet, very sweet, to be protected thus; and *for* a little she was mute beneath the weight of sweetness. When she again spoke, it was anxiously.

"I think it wiser to say good-night, Philip, and leave you unrestrained by my presence. Milly, with all her tact, cannot detain Rupert an instant after the steak has vanished. He is too eager for money. "Oh!" she exclaimed, starting hastily from her seat, "excuse me an instant." And before he could frame an inquiry she had left the room.

Directly returning, she placed in his hands a roll of bank notes.

"Please give him these, Philip, and say his sister will gladly receive him when he is willing to forsake vice. And now, good-night."

But good-night was not so easily said. They were still lingering over the last sweet words, when a tread in the hall sent Garnet quickly through the French window to the porch. The next instant she heard her brother's loud voice reiterating a coarse, surprised inquiry for her, and Philip Heath's quiet reply. Then with swift feet that kept time to the Te Deum rising from her soul, she darted across the hall and up the stairs to her chamber.

As Philip Heath had predicted, Rupert Knight allowed himself to be conveyed to the depot without trouble. And under the pressure of some very definite, and by no means pleasing arguments, he bade a final adieu to his brother-in-law, who wisely saw him well started on his journey ere returning to The Haugh.

And what followed? That old-fashioned, God-blessed thing which makes the most sacred home on earth—a wedding.

☞ These are fearful times ahead for old bachelors. Eighteen seventy-two is leap-year, and with the general advance of woman's rights no unmarried man over twenty-five will be safe.

☞ A Minnesota lady has made a will leaving her property to her husband, "So long as he remains her widower."

OUTSIDE.

I.

Just a gleam thro' the darkness—
The lift of two eyes from a book—
A glance—but some glances are heaven;
To such eyes 'tis given
To make paradise in a look.

II.

Just a face in the lamplight;
A hand, and some glittering hair:
But hearts have been broken, 'tis said,
And white steel stained red
For faces less faultlessly fair.

III.

Just a girl in her beauty,
Her glory of freshness and youth;
But what has earth better to sigh for,
To live for—to die for—
Than innocence, beauty and youth?

A Sensible Girl.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

John Westly was a resolute, self-reliant man. He had one peculiarity—he was excessively reticent about himself and his affairs. Perhaps this quality contributed to his success in business; however that might be, he never told anything, great or small, that could possibly be kept secret, and he was *the* wealthy man of Valdevere. One day he took it into his head to retire from business, and he accordingly retired, much to everybody's surprise.

His family consisted of his wife and daughter. Mrs. Westly was a weak, sweet-tempered invalid. Their daughter Elinor had inherited the good qualities of both parents without their defects. Elinor Westly was not beautiful; she had fine teeth, soft brown hair and eyes, and a bewitching smile. There was nothing very remarkable about her, but people generally liked her at first sight.

"We leave Valdevere to-morrow, and we'll start early," said Mr. Westly one winter morning at the breakfast table.

Elinor looked up in surprise.

"Do we, my dear?" said Mrs. Westly, submissively, although she had not the slightest idea of their probable destination.

"Where are we going, papa?" asked Elinor.

"Eastward; and you'd better begin to pack up immediately," replied her father, and without deigning to give any further information on the subject, he left the room.

"Well, really!" said Elinor. "This is sudden. How am I to take leave of my friends and pack up in so short a time?"

"It's your father's way, my love," returned Mrs. Westly, placidly sipping her chocolate.

Elinor leaned back in her chair in serio-comic dismay.

"There's the Johnsons' dinner-party to-day. It's always a pleasant affair; of course we can't go, and it is so disagreeable to send 'regrets' at the last moment. There's the amateur theatrical entertainment for the orphans, too. I was to act Dolly Varden, you know, and I'll have to throw up my part. It's too vexatious!"

"We must make the best of it, my dear."

"I suppose so; but one thing is certain—I'll never marry a man that has a 'way.'"

"My love—" began Mrs. Westly, rebukingly, but Elinor had gone to her work of packing.

Elinor did a great amount of work that day, and by the next morning their arrangements for starting were completed. Mr. Westly showed his approval of this state of affairs by graciously informing Elinor that they would remain awhile at New York.

The luggage was properly cared for, they obtained comfortable seats in the car, and before the sun had risen very high in the heavens, they were hastening from Valdevere.

Elinor felt some natural sadness on leaving the place of her birth, although it was a dull, smoky town, but, as neither of her parents seemed inclined to talk, she soon forgot it and her surroundings in a book.

The scenery along the road was by no means beautiful or picturesque—consisting principally of pine woods and muddy streams, with here and there a stretch of flat fields—so Elinor did not raise her head from her book until they reached New York.

There the sudden change from the ideal to the actual world and the bustling confusion bewildered her. Mr. Westly, however, had his senses about him.

Selecting a hackman from the crowd of aspirants clamorous for the honor of conveying them, he gave orders to be driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel; and then turning to his wife and daughter, he said pompously—

"You see, my dears, I'm going to do things in style."

The novelty of hotel-life pleased Elinor; her father supplied her liberally with money, and she plunged into the delightful employment of shopping with all the fresh ardor of a neophyte, long accustomed to the limited resources of a small town. Aladdin in the garden of jewels could not have been happier than Elinor at Stewart's.

Her father was acquainted with several people who moved in good society—and with him she attended a number of parties. Mrs. Westly was not well enough to act *as chaperone* to her daughter, but she enjoyed her rides in the Park, and her health seemed improving.

For the first two weeks, Elinor saw New York through a *couleur de rose* atmosphere; but there came a sudden change.

One bright afternoon, a cold, still burden was borne into the hotel. Mr. Westly had dropped dead in the street—of heart-disease, the doctors said.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the grief of the wife and daughter. Mrs. Westly was utterly prostrated by the shock—and Elinor was the only mourner that followed the dead man to the grave.

After the burial was over, Elinor found no time to indulge her sorrow. Her mother was helpless. Everything depended on herself. She paid the hotel bill, and then she had three hundred dollars in hand. She searched in vain for papers belonging to her father. She had always supposed he was rich, but now she found no evidence of it. She wrote to a lawyer in Valdevere, who had at one time been her father's legal adviser. An answer came; the lawyer stated that Mr. Westly had withdrawn his affairs from the writer's control several years ago. He knew nothing of their present condition.

What was to be done? Elinor had asked her mother's advice, and her mother had said, "Do as you think best."

They must remove from the hotel, or the bills would soon devour their little capital. With the help of a kind-hearted chambermaid, whom Elinor took into her confidence, a furnished room in a respectable locality was procured.

The room was small, and the white-washed walls looked very bare; but with a new curtain for the window, and a few flowers, Elinor contrived to give it a more homelike appearance; and as her mother did not complain, she was content.

Now that they were out of the hotel, she began to think. She knew of no friend of her father's to whom she could apply for aid or counsel. Ah, if the dead man could only have foreseen the consequences of his excessive reticence!

She must work: and what could she do? The usual refuge of ladies in distress occurred to her. She would become a governess.

"I have received a fair education," she thought, "but what chance of success will I have in placing myself in competition with those who have been especially educated for the work? Besides the market is already over-crowded. So governessing won't do. Become a music-teacher. There's the same objection to that.

"What *can* I do? Be a book-keeper. Yes, my father made me learn book-keeping; but then I have always been used to plenty of fresh air and exercise; a year's daily bending over a desk would kill me—and then what would become of her—my mother?

"I can cook anything—I think I have a vocation for *l' art de la cuisine*. Father always praised my dinners highly. But it would be degrading to hire out—shame on me that I should think so! No honest occupation can be degrading. I *will* be a cook?"

She told her mother of this resolve.

"What *do* you mean, Elinor?" said Mrs. Westly, "you don't really mean what you say?"

"Indeed I do, mamma."

"And you intend to become a menial—a hired servant!" Mrs. Westly spoke with more sharpness than usual.

"What is a governess but a hired servant?"

"There's a great difference. Dear! dear! What obstinacy! But I'm determined you shan't disgrace our name by any such proceeding."

Here was a dilemma. Elinor reflected a moment.

"Well, mamma, my name is Elinor Verner Westly, you know. Verner's the prettier of the two, so I'll drop the Westly for a time."

With many sighs and groans, Mrs. Westly at last consented, on condition that her daughter should use the name of Verner. Elinor reluctantly complied, as her mother would give her permission on no other terms.

She searched the newspapers until she found a suitable advertisement, headed "Wanted, a cook." In answer to this she called at a stately residence in a fashionable street. She was shown into a handsomely furnished sitting-room. With some trepidation she awaited the coming of the mistress of the house.

That lady finally made her appearance. She was a stylish-looking person, with sharp black eyes, and a profusion of blonde hair amazingly frizzled.

"Well?" she said.

"I saw in the Herald that you wanted a cook, and I came to fill that position," returned Elinor, rushing to the point at once.

"Why, you look like a lady!"

"I am a lady," rejoined Elinor, quietly, "and I have yet to learn that a lady may not be a cook."

"These creatures are becoming dreadful," murmured the lady under her breath. She went to the door and called, "George! George! come here!"

The master of the house—a stout, good-natured looking man—came in.

"What's the matter?"

"This young woman wishes to become our cook."

"Well, can you roast beef, young woman, without burning it to a crisp?"

"I have often done it."

"Burned it to a crisp? Ha! ha! And make plum pudding?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do *meringues à la crème?* Have you good references?"

Elinor was doubtful about the references; she had not thought of them."

"Well, we'll try you for a week," said the good-natured man. His wife intimated that it was very imprudent to engage a cook without references; but her husband carried the day, and it was determined to try Elinor for a week.

With various stipulations on both sides, the new cook entered on her duties. But she found these duties were more than she had bargained for. There were eight persons in the family—six of these were adults. Dinner was the only meal they took together. They came to luncheon, breakfast and supper at any hour they fancied—dropping in by twos and threes. At the end of the week of trial, the mistress of the mansion informed Elinor that she had given satisfaction, and that she might retain the place.

"But I do not intend to remain," said Elinor.

"And why?"

"Because I do not want to work constantly from six in the morning until nine at night. I will not prepare ten different meals every day, and that is the average number required in this house."

"Then you had better go. These creatures have really no consciences whatever," murmured the lady.

And Elinor went. She had great trouble in finding another situation. Few people were willing to hire a cook who could give no reference. She was about to give up the search in despair, when she stopped at the Watson's quiet little house in answer to their advertisement for a cook.

The Watsons were a childless, middle-aged couple, and Mrs. Watson, liking Elinor's appearance, engaged her.

The room she had taken was only a short distance from the Watson's house, so that she could often visit her mother.

The Watsons were plain, considerate people, and Elinor's duties were not too heavy. The wages were not large, but they were earned with less wear and tear of mind and body than they would have been had she been occupied with the more *genteel* business of book-keeping.

Her evenings were free. Once she strolled into the parlor, and seeing the piano, and no one present, she sat down to practice awhile. She pressed the keys, and melody after melody flowed from beneath her well-trained fingers. She forgot everything but the music. She was in the middle of a pathetic Scotch ballad when a sound near her attracted her attention. Turning, she saw Mrs. Watson, and a young gentleman she had never seen before. They had entered the room unobserved by her.

Elinor did not show her embarrassment. She was not wanting in that enviable quality which habitual acquaintance with good society confers—self-possession.

"Thank you for the music, Miss Verner," said Mrs. Watson; "allow me to make you acquainted with my nephew, Mr. Walter Verner—your names are the same—quite a coincidence."

Mr. Walter Verner bowed. He was a handsome, frank-looking man. When they had exchanged a few conversational nothings, Elinor withdrew. As she reached the door she heard him say, in answer to some observation of Mrs. Watson's,

"Your *cook!* is it possible?"

Mrs. Watson liked music, and henceforth every evening on which Elinor did not go to her mother's room, was spent in the parlor.

After awhile it was noticed that Walter Verner came oftener than usual to visit his uncle and aunt, and somehow he always happened to be there when Elinor was entertaining Mrs. Watson with her music.

Just after sunset, one evening in summer, Elinor sat in the honeysuckle arbor, the chief ornament of the Watsons' small garden. She had been reading a book of poems, and young ladies—even prosaic young ladies—generally become pensive under the influence of twilight and poetry.

Walter Verner came in from the street. Espying her, he approached, and, with scarcely a word of preparation, he told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

Her self-possession was not proof against this sudden declaration. When she had recovered a little from the surprise, she said, her voice trembling somewhat.

"I cannot be your wife, Mr. Verner. I would be unpardonably selfish could I consent to burden you with the support of myself and my mother. You are poor—your salary is small—I heard Mrs. Watson say so. I speak thus plainly—"

"How can you think of money at such a moment as this?" he cried. "Say at once that you do not love me!"

She made a sudden movement, and her book fell open upon the ground. He picked it up, and, in the fading light, read the inscription on the fly-leaf.

"Westly!" he exclaimed. "Are you Elinor Westly?"

"My name is Elinor Verner Westly."

"And your father was John Westly, of Valdevere? For two years I have had in my possession a packet intended for you. It appears that in their youth my father and yours were close friends, but in later life they became estranged. For a long time they held no communication with each other; but three years ago my father received a letter telling him to give the accompanying package to Elinor Westly when he should hear of his old friend's death. Shortly afterward my father died, and the packet fell to me. I never heard that Mr. Westly was deceased, or I should have endeavored to communicate with you. If you will come into the house I will place the packet in your hands."

They entered the house together. He went upstairs, and returned with a large packet which he gave her. She tore it open, and read the following note:

"ELINOR: You will receive this from my best and oldest friend, for whom you are named. Herein you will find my will and the bonds, &c., relating to my different investments. You are my heiress. My property is worth one hundred thousand dollars. I shall not tell you why I take this method of conveying my will, etc., to you. I have never been accustomed to give reasons for any of my actions—and I shall not begin now. You have the blessing of your father,

"JOHN WESTLY."

She raised her eyes from the note. Walter Verner had not left the room. If we are both silent, she thought, our future lives may be miserable. A rosy glow overspread her cheeks, and drawing a step nearer to him, she said—

"I have made use of my sex's privilege, and changed my mind. I will be your wife, Walter—if my mother consents."

A flash of joy came into his eyes, his whole face lighted up; and it was all settled in less time than it takes me to tell it.

So we drop the curtain, promising that Mrs. Westly was delighted with her son-in-law.

HAZING.

As the Government has taken such decided action in the attempt to break up the odious custom of hazing, the faculties of the "boarding colleges" may now be stirred up to more vigorous measures to crush out similar practices in their respective institutions. The police force of colleges should be composed of vigorous men, and not of tutors and professors, who should not through false economy be employed in duties requiring the exercise of great physical strength. The establishment of a small patrol in the college grounds would effectually break up the system of harassing the Freshmen, who are especially exposed to annoyance in consequence of being compelled to live in inconvenient rooms on the ground floor. At the same time a more healthy moral influence should be exerted over the Sophomores, who, if treated more like men with an object in life, and less like school boys, would be ashamed to persecute the helpless and unoffending members of the lowest class like wild beasts, to whom not even the ordinary laws of the chase are allowed. Tutors are usually selected for their scholarship without any regard to their qualifications as teachers and guardians of youth. Many a graduate who can translate a page of the most difficult Latin or Greek with ease and elegance, is from want of intercourse with the world, repulsive in his manners, disagreeable in his peculiarities, and sometimes positively insulting to the class under his charge. If men were selected who possessed some of that magnetic influence which can subdue and control the excited passions of an angry multitude, there would be fewer of those cruel scenes that have brought shame on many of our large colleges.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A Man's Religious Faith Prevents His Marriage.

A large company gathered at the house of a young lady in Albany to witness the ceremony of her marriage with a young man of that city. They waited and waited, but the young man did not appear. Finally a committe was sent in search of him, and after a considerable absence they returned evidently dejected and disappointed. The explanation they gave was as follows: It appears that the young man is a member of the Jewish persuasion, and his intended bride a Christian. It was his intention to deceive the girl and prove faithless to his own creed by marrying her; but as the moment advanced for the ceremony he became more restless, and conscious of the act he was about to commit, it preyed upon his mind until he became almost delirious. The next day, he apprised his parents of what was going on, and that was the end of the affair.

☞ About a week ago, a man in Troy applied at the Mount Ida Cemetery, and requested a grave to be dug, to be ready on the following day. The instructions were heeded, and at the appointed time the funeral cortege arrived at the "home of the dead." The corpse was contained in an elaborate coffin lined with white satin, on the outside of which was the usual inscription of birth and death. The ceremony was performed, and the mourners wended their way homeward. A headboard was placed at the grave, on which appeared the following inscription: "Our little adopted child." A day or two subsequently the superintendent of the cemetery, having his suspicions excited, had the grave opened, and on raising the coffin lid the body of a dog was found calmly reposing in death. The unsentimental superintendent had the coffin and "our little adopted child" pitched into the creek.

☞ "C-c-can that p-p-pup-parrot t-ter talk?" asked a stuttering man of an Italian. "Suppose he no can talk so much better as that what you talk, I chop he dam head off," was the reply.

☞ A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other, and turning to his companion, he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She "gave it up."

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting."

"Very good," said she. "Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Because the mirror is *polished*, and the man is not."

☞ A notorious assassin, who frequently escaped justice, was taken at last, having just committed a most unprovoked murder. "Why did you kill this man?" asked the judge; "he had not harmed you, and the murder could do you no good." "Oh," replied the prisoner, "it was only to keep up my reputation."

☞ Accounted for—Jones (who was slightly inebriated) said he was pursued by a host of demons; Smith (who was a chemist) said they were only spirits of wine.

☞ A gentleman describing a lady's evening dress said it was low-necked, and even "more so."

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and they talked by the seaside sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them one and all—
Aye! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle, and one was bold,
And they walked with downcast eyes:
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if he would rise—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The live-long night till the moon went out,
In the drowning waters they beat about;
Beat slow through the fog their way;
And the sails dropped down with ringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now, 'twas the break of the day—
The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side"—
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)—
And they cast their nets, and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved,
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved:
"It is our risen Lord—
Our Master, and our Lord."

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat—
Aye! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his soul to cast
Like an anchor into the sea—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land,
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago,
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coal,
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the net and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Letter to the People of Oregon from the Poet's Wife.

To the Editor of the Oregonian:—SIR:—As Joaquin Miller is now expected to arrive in Portland, I deem it my duty to say a few words in his behalf to the people of Oregon. I have received many letters from different sources requesting me to disclose as much of his conduct toward his children as I will. Although I feel that these things concern no one on the face of the earth but my children and me, still he belongs to the world now, and I have remained silent until remarks have been carried so far as to make my children subjects of idle gossip, and deem it right to now ask a truce to charges and accusations, and request of you to behold the poet and receive him in a manner that will give due tribute to his genius and success. Mr. Miller has earned a fame, and an appreciation of his efforts should be awarded him. He is a man of literary culture and research; he has read constantly, industriously, and had command of the very best literature, ancient and modern. It has been his sole ambition for years to go to Europe and acquire a literary fame. He felt, and justly, that he was gifted, and his mind being of fine, poetic structure, and his brain very delicately organized, the coarse and practical duties of providing for a family and the annoyance of children conflicted with his dreams and literary whims. So, when he wrote me that he would be absent in Europe five or six years, and in the meantime I need not expect to hear from him often, as he should be very busy, I asked for and obtained a divorce in the Courts of Lane County, and your signer was loosed and free, and no longer chained to the annoying cares of a family. He could give his whole attention to his poems. I myself sympathize with him in his desire to have time and money to "tamper with the Muses" and cultivate his taste and talent for literature, and I feel that all poets and authors will also sympathize with him.

I did not intend that my misfortunes should be publicly known. Illness overtook me in Portland, and by irregularities of the mails and accidents we were cut off for a time from communication with our friends. My younger brother was with me, and I did not ask for assistance; but by accident my friends found me. I must ever remain grateful to them for timely and generous assistance; but they can bear me witness that I made no public complaint, and the charges made against Mr. Miller were not made with my knowledge. I was as much surprised to see them as any one. If, in five years of labor and complete isolation from my relatives and the world, I worked with him, and not even my nearest neighbor or dearest friend heard one complaint or murmur from my lips; if, through that long winter in Portland, I sewed humbly day after day and night after night as long as I was able; passed the offices and residences of our mutual friends, who are leading and wealthy people, and chose rather to let my babes come upon the verge of starvation than to blemish his reputation by letting my circumstances be known, it is not likely that after the day of hope came, and all was over, I should publicly make known what I had tried so hard to conceal.

As I said before, Mr. Miller felt that he had gifts of mind, and if his system of economy was rigid and hard to endure, it was, at least, a success; and if he needed all his money to carry out his plans, I am satisfied that he thus used it. The bitter experience of the past cannot come again. My babes lived through all, and I am more than satisfied. I am grateful, and all is well. The absurd statement of the Eugene Journal that I had indignantly returned money that Mr. Miller sent me, is incorrect; and his informers are as economical of truth as they are of affection for their own flesh and blood. It would be a sad time to show indignation toward a father when his babes were suffering for the necessaries of life. Joaquin Miller does not claim that he has ever sent a dollar to his children, or provided anything for them in any way from the time of his leaving Oregon until about two months ago, when he sent me $25. He has sent $50 to Mrs. B. Cooke, for my little girl, and $25 to my mother, who has the care of my younger children. He will doubtless make explanations which will be satisfactory to those interested when he returns. It is true that I had a home with my widowed mother, but the place was dreary and secluded, and there was not a church or school-house within fifty miles of my mother's home. So I did not deem it a proper place to educate my children, and I came away, bringing them with me, which was contrary to the decree of the Court, which gave the two elder children to the care of my mother. As I brought them away, he was released by law from caring for them, and I have no reason to complain, nor can any one have, justly. Two hundred dollars a year alimony was allowed, but as it was not secured, you will readily see that Mr. Miller was entirely released from any obligations. The marital relations between Mr. Miller and myself are dissolved, but that does not prevent our holding our precious babes in mutual love and protection; and, although there are many false sentiments in society in regard to these things, I beg the privilege of exercising my own judgment in regard to my duty toward the father of my children and my children. As we are both mortals, it would be affectation in me were I to profess to take upon myself all the blame, but I ask to bear my full share. The many who feel an interest in him are of more consequence than the few who know and love me, and henceforth I would have you deal only with him as a poet and author. Pronounce your judgment upon his books. Know him by his epic heroes. No mortal man can go beyond himself in any conception. When he attempts to, he only strikes against the border of his imagination and rebounds further back, and when man attempts at imaging a god, he takes a step back and puts upon the shoulders of his god wings which belong to a lower order of creation. Good sometimes comes of evil: the most deadly pistil exhales a delicate perfume, and our separation and sorrows produced the poems of "Myrrh" and "Even So." If I have, after all, recovered my health and sometimes smile as others do, I feel that I have some kind of apology. If I am not to-day the shadowy, faded woman that might be expected, I beg pardon; and if, as a facetious editor writes, I must go "down the stream of life alongside of Lady Byron, Mrs. Bulwer, and the obstreperous wife of the author of 'Boz,'" let that be my punishment.

M. M. MILLER.

Salem, Oregon, Nov. 5, 1871.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Courting after marriage—Applying for a divorce.

☞ Young Tom Hood, hearing of the great conflagration at Chicago, said, "That sort of thing must be chequed."

☞ A RIDDLE WHICH OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE BEEN PRINTED.—Why are engaged ladies like odd boots? Because they are no good without their fellows.

☞ A Down East paper was the first one to get off the annual joke about the fowl proceedings of Thanksgiving Day.

☞ Fifty young widows reside in the small town of Centreville, Ind., and it is unsafe for an unprotected man to pass through there.

☞ It is considered safe to eat sausage out in Indiana, because there hog is cheaper than dog.

☞ An Irish Judge said, when addressing a prisoner—"You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

☞ "Old Probabilities" is the name now given to the Clerk of the weather.

☞ Elder Knapp says that "a politician can no more get into Heaven than a shad can shin up a greased pole, tail upwards."

☞ A story in a title—"Quick as Lightning, or the Chemist's Journey: a Tale of Nitro-glycerine."

☞ One plank in George Francis Train's new Presidential platform is "no vaccination." What a world this would be with both Train and the small-pox.

☞ There is nothing more devoid of romance than the act of patching old trousers. So says a young lady.

☞ An Eastern paper in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm says: "Hurrah for the girls of '76!" "Thunder!" cried a New Jersey paper. "That's too old! No, no! Hurrah for the girls of '71!"

☞ A good pair—a young lady with Grecian bend and a young man who parts his hair in the middle.

☞ An enthusiastic admirer of beautiful women recently startled a friend: "Been to church this morning," he asserted. "To church?" "Yes, and such necks. Full and white, and good enough to eat—six of them all in a row; watched 'em all through service. Oh, my! what necks!"

☞ There is a spring in Michigan—so the papers say—so strongly magnetic that a man who drank from it and went into a blacksmith shop, found the anvil on which he sat stuck fast to him.

☞ Always "coming to grief"—The undertaker.

☞ A New York journal, in speaking of the magic strains of a hand organ, says—"When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws."

☞ In Harrison county, Indiana, when the regulators" wish a man to leave the vicinity, all they have to do is to place a bundle of switches at his door. He generally goes.

☞ Smoking is reported to be very much on the decline in England. In this country it very greatly increased during the war, and now prevails to a larger extent than ever before.

☞ It is time now for painters of the period to make their annual note of the anomaly that frieze cloth furnishes the warmest coats.

☞ At a Louisville ball a waggish youth took out the ham from the sandwiches and substituted slices of soap therefor. The result may be imagined. He was lathered.

☞ Louis Leppard, the garroter, goes to Sing Sing for robbery. It will be eight years before this Leppard changes his spots.

☞ An ill-natured cotemporary says that Pennsylvania should shake in her shoes at the news of the discovery of coal in Rhode Island: for should the same prove middling thick, and underlie the whole state, the produce would be as much as seven bushels.

☞ "May it please your Honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from the jail on a habeas corpus." "Well," said a farmer in an undertone, who stood at the back of the court, "these lawyers will say anything. I say the man was got out of a cab at the court door."

☞ Horse thieves are so plentiful in Kentucky, that in the neighborhood of Paducah they use them as fringes to the trees.

☞ An old bachelor, who bears his lonely state with much equanimity, says: "It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are."

☞ It is said that one thousand sane persons are confined in French lunatic asylums—which is sayin' a good deal.

☞ A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was alone. After settling the merits of the weather, the girl said, looking slyly into his face:

"I dreamed of you last night,"

"Did you? why—now!"

"Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me."

"Why, now! What did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home."

A light dawned on the youth's intellect, a singular sound broke the stillness, and in less than four months they were married.

☞ The Mormons think their extensive matrimonial experience entitles Utah to become one of the "United States."

☞ When California miners imbibe they call it "putting in a blast."

☞ Over the door of a cobbler's shop in Savannah, Ga., appears this legend: "Boots and shoes is made hear—ladies and shentlemens repeared. Kum in hear.

☞ Hurrah for Uncle Sam! An American reaping machine has taken the prize at a contest in Hungary, beating forty competitors.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ALEXIS.

On Friday, November 24th, the Grand Duke Alexis paid a visit to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Various ceremonies were gone through, and a sumptuous collation was served. Among the toasts proposed was one by the Russian Minister, Catacazy, who being called upon, rose and said: "I drink the health of the co-ordinate, and certainly one of the most powerful members of the American government, their fairnesses, 'The women of America.'" Rapturous applause greeted this sentiment of the official representative of the Empire of Russia.

In the afternoon the Grand Duke and Russian officers with Mr. Catacazy, were transferred to their special Pullman palace car train, and immediately left for New York.

The next day was devoted by Alexis to paying a visit to the fortifications in New York harbor. About half-past nine in the morning, the steamer Antelope, with a perfect galaxy of beauty, lit the foot of Thirty-third street on her excursion trip. General McDowell officiated as master of ceremonies for the day, and a beaming face met each arrival as they drove up in their carriages alongside the steamer. The greatest discrimination had been exercised by the General in the matter of issuing invitation cards, consequently, those present comprised but the "creme de la creme" of New York society. After visiting all the forts, the party were landed at Governor's Island, where a salute was fired with the heavy ordnance. A splendidly decorated marquee had been fitted for the reception of the Duke. Into this, de of the party entered, and after done full justice to a sumptuous ban-

ically received by the audience, while the band played the Russian national hymn.

During the morning he had his photograph taken.

GRAND BALL TO ALEXIS.

The finest naval and military display ever witnessed in this neighborhood was the reception of Alexis and the officers of the Russian fleet on Tuesday night, by the navy yard officers. From nine to twelve P. M. the carriages extended continuously from Fulton Ferry to the gate of the Navy Yard, nearly two miles, and parties were kept waiting three or four hours before reaching the ball room.

The crowd was very great, comprising admirals, generals, captains, &c., without number. The ball room was gorgeously decorated. Alexis arrived at half-past ten o'clock, with Admiral Poisset and Catacazy. On entering the room a general rush was made to get near him. He was conducted to a platform in the centre of the room where were standing Mrs. Admiral Smith and Madame Catacazy. Alexis, Poisset and Catacazy went through the ordeal of having the ladies and gentlemen introduced, after which the programme was changed. Alexis led Miss Smith to the supper room. Among those present were a large number of Russian officers, and army and navy officers attached to the different forts in the harbor.

Vice Admiral S. C. Rowan and Rear Admiral M. Smith, on behalf of the officers of the naval station, acted as an honorary committee. The Duke wore the uniform of a naval lieutenant, took lionizing coolly, and danced several times with Mrs. Smith and after with younger ladies. Julien conducted the music.

BALL IN HONOR OF THE GRAND DUKE.

NEW YORK, NOV. 29—Midnight.—A ball in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis was given by the committee of citizens at the Academy of Music to-night. The assemblage comprised the very best citizens of both sexes. The decorations were magnificent and in excellent taste.

The proscenium boxes, occupied by the Grand Duke and suite, were festooned with American and Russian flags, and adorned with flowers, and back of the stage was a fountain, the waters changing rapidly into all colors, and making beautiful spectacles.

In the corridors were large photographs of the Russian Imperial family, while a banner on either side of the stage represented the Emperor Alexander emancipating serfs and President Lincoln liberating slaves.

The sidewalk in front of the entrance on Fourteenth street was canopied and carpeted, and to this the Grand Duke drove up at half-past ten, where he was received by General McDowell and Mr. E. W. Stoughton, and conducted to his box, and his appearance there was announced by the band performing the Russian national hymn.

Governor Hoffman and wife and Minister and Madame Catacazy arrived before the Duke, who wore the uniform of a colonel. The commencement of the music was the signal for a grand promenade, and soon the floor was crowded, everybody straining to get a good look at the distinguished guest.

In a few minutes the excitement subsided, and the Grand Duke descended to the floor, leading the wife of Governor Hoffman, who was his partner in the opening dance—the Lancers. His *vis-a-vis* was Major-General McDowell and Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, and the side couples were Governor Hoffman and Madame Catacazy and Richard Irwin and Mrs. Blodgett.

The Grand Duke subsequently danced with the daughter of Professor Morse, and other ladies, and seemed to enjoy himself very much. Nehlson Hall was connected with the Academy of Music, and used as a supper room. The wines and viands were of the choicest kinds and in abundance.

THE GRAND DUKE'S PROGRAMME.

Next Sunday evening the Grand Duke Alexis and party leave for Philadelphia. On Tuesday, December 5, return to New York. On Thursday, the 7th, leave for Boston in the morning, via Bridgeport and Springfield, stopping at the former place three and at Springfield two hours, arriving in Boston about ten P. M. On Monday morning, December 11, leave Boston for Montreal, by train. Elegant Pullman palace drawing-room cars have been tendered by the Pullman Company. The route by which Montreal will be reached is not yet decided upon.

Tuesday December 12, will be devoted to Montreal. On Wednesday, December 13, the party will proceed to Ottawa, when the Grand Duke will pay his respects to the Governor-General. On Thursday, December 14, they go from Ottawa to Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk railway. Complimentary trains have been furnished to the party by railroad companies between here and Washington, and are offered by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, and by the roads between this city and Boston.

UTAH.

TROUBLE OVER A RUNAWAY DAUGHTER.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 24.—About five weeks ago a daughter of Silas S. Everton, United States receiver of public moneys for Utah, left the house of her parents, in this city, and went out to service, alleging as the reason for deserting her home that both father and mother abused her, and had shamefully maltreated her for years. Some two weeks ago, the girl, by the advice and with the assistance of friends, went Eastward, and as it is now stated, is in a boarding-school in Washington.

This afternoon, upon the complaint of the father, warrants were issued for the arrest of James F. Woodman, Enos A. Wall, John W. Moorhouse and Esther, his wife, and Harriet A. Lewis, charging them with abducting and concealing Everton's daughter. Woodman and Moorhouse waived examination, and were held to bail each in $5000. Mrs. Moorhouse and Mrs. Lewis were admitted to bail each in $2000. Wall is in New York, and will be arrested on a requisition from the Governor. Public sympathy seems to be all on the side of the daughter. Woodman is the discoverer of the Emma mine—and he and Moorhouse are prominent citizens.

INTENTIONS OF THE MORMONS.

The Church organ this evening comments severely upon the rumor that the Mormons are ready to abandon Utah for the sake of their religion, and declares that they do not propose to move any further.

The Mormons repudiate those persons claiming to be of the faith who propose to send away their plural wives. They were Mormons, but are now cut off from the Church.

The excitement in Clark county, Indiana, on account of the Park tragedy, has not died out. The suspicion that white men instigated the murders is undergoing a secret investigation. A number of negroes are leaving the county. The Grand Jury will meet on the first of December, when it is probable that some of the lynchers of the negroes engaged in the bloody affair will be indicted.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, known to fame as the husband of Jenny Lind, has announced his intention of suing for libel all American papers which have published the paragraph calling him a spendthrift, and charging him with having squandered his wife's fortune.

THE CHOLERA DISAPPEARS.

The health officer in New York reports that the cholera has disappeared from the bay. The steamer Franklin will be allowed to come to the city on Sunday.

BASE BALL—THE CHAMPION NINE.

The Athletic's champion nine for 1872 will be selected from the following excellent players:—McBride, Malone, Fisler, Beach, Meyerle, Cuthbert, Sensenderfer, Mack, McGeary, Treacy, Eggler and Anson. It will be seen that the managers have twelve men from whom to select a nine, and if they exercise their choice in an impartial and judicious manner, they will present a team on the ball-field next season that will have no equals.

Mr. Higham, of the Mutual Club, sends us the following as the "nine" of that organization for 1872:—R. Wolters, pitcher; W. Craver, catcher; Jos. Start, C. Sweasy and R. Ferguson, on bases; D. Force, short stop; J. Hatfield, Fred. Waterman and W. Fisher (Cherokee), in the field, and J. Patterson and R. Higham, substitutes. Fisher will act as change pitcher.

The slate of the Cleveland Club is announced thus: J. White, catcher; Pratt, pitcher; Carlton, first base; Sweasy, second base; Sutton, third base; Radcliffe, short stop; Pabor, left field; Allison, centre field, and Scott Hastings, right field. Sweasy is also claimed, as will be seen above, by the Mutual Club.

For the Haymakers the following are presented: D. Allison, catcher; Zettlein, pitcher; McAtee, first base; Wood, second base; Bellan, third base; Force, short stop; S. King, left field; Gedney, centre field, and Martin, right field, with Rodes and Pinkham as the two substitutes. Force is named by both Haymakers and Mutuals.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CUBA.

HAVANA, NOV. 27.—Last Thursday afternoon the medical students of the Royal University jumped the walls of the cemetery, and proceeded to demolish the grave of Gonzalo Castanon, and committed other excesses. The chaplain attempted to remonstrate, but the students stoned him away.

On Saturday the Governor of Havana visited the University, and demanded of the medical class the names of the culprits. All the students remained silent, and the case was then turned over to the Court. Several students then testified, and six members of the class were found guilty and sent to prison, and so confined that communication with one another, or with persons on the outside, was impossible. The Court temporarily detained forty-two others, who were suspected of complicity in the act.

Shortly after the parade yesterday irregular groups of volunteers assembled, and soon assumed large proportions. One body, numbering several hundred, assembled before the palace, another near Tacon theatre, and a third around the jail, all demanding the lives of the young men implicated in the desecration of Gonzalo Castanon's grave. Crowds of volunteers running through the streets were ordered to join their companions. Shouts of "Death to traitors" were given. Acting Captain General Crespo positively refused to deliver up the prisoners, stating that the law must take its course. About 11 P. M. the volunteer officers got their men in order and under full control, battalion after battalion marching toward the jail, and at 10 o'clock this morning a court-martial, composed of the officers of the regular and volunteer forces, assembled to try the prisoners.

Nov. 28.—At one o'clock P. M. to-day the finding of the court-martial which was convened to try the medical students who demolished the grave of Gonzalo Castanon was announced from the balcony of Acting Captain-General Crespo's palace. Eight of the students who were found most guilty were sentenced to be shot at four P. M. at Punta. Others were fined and sent to prison for six years. All those sentenced to death were over 18 years of age.

The execution took place at the specified hour, and they met their deaths with resignation. They expressed regret at having committed the act for which they died. Great excitement prevailed throughout the city during the day, and business was suspended, but at this hour (six P. M.) all is quiet.

VESSELS OF WAR ORDERED TO HAVANA.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The Government has information that the Spanish volunteers, originally organized to quell the Cuban insurrection, have at last turned against the representatives of the Spanish government in Cuba, and threaten not only to wrest the island from Spain, but to destroy all interests there indiscriminately, including, of course, American interests. The truth is, the volunteers, always lawless and fierce, have mastered the Government, and except Spain can send regular troops in a short time to the island, it is probable that the volunteers will do what the Cuban insurgents failed to accomplish. The volunteers are manifestly bent upon plunder, and they will not be particular whether they injure friend or foe. In view of this fact our Government has taken proper steps to protect American interests in Cuba. The matter was fully discussed at the Cabinet meeting to-day, but before that Secretary Robeson had, upon information furnished him, ordered four vessels of war to proceed with all possible despatch to Havana, and his action was fully endorsed by the Cabinet. The Nipsic, Terror, Kansas and Severn are now on their way to Cuba. Besides these, the Nantasket and Shawmut are in the vicinity of Havana, and will act with the four vessels recently despatched. These ships carry altogether about thirty-five guns. The Terror is an iron-clad monitor, and very powerfully armed. Admiral Lee, commanding the South Atlantic squadron, is here, and superintended the fitting out of the squadron. The commander has orders to protect Americans in their lives and property at all hazards. For every outrage the Consul General is to demand satisfaction and indemnity, and if it is not forthcoming the vessels will open fire on Havana. The Government has become wearied with a diplomatic correspondence with Spain which has been alike fruitless, and so far as Spain is concerned, insincere. The Spanish minister here asserts that he has no official information concerning the disturbances in Havana. He does not, however, entertain a very high opinion of the character of the volunteers. At all events, our Government is determined to prepare for any emergency that may arise.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The Prince of Wales has been quite ill during the past week, and much alarm has been caused. Official bulletins from Sandringham, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, report that he is now easier, though the fever from which he is suffering, has not abated much.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The special correspondent of the London Times telegraphs from Madrid an account of the marriage of General Sickles, Minister of the United States. The ceremony was attended by a brilliant and distinguished company. Among those who honored it with their presence was Marshal Serrano, late regent of Spain. The despatch gives the name of the bride as Miss Creigh. General Sickles and wife left Madrid the day after the marriage for Liverpool, where they were to take a steamer for New York.

FRANCE.

EXECUTION OF COMMUNISTS.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—Up to a late hour last night there was great agitation over the expected fate of Rossel and other leaders of the Commune. Extraordinary influences had been brought to bear on the Commission of Pardons, and the most affecting appeals were made to the President of the Republic. The decision of the former was a secret—and it was well known that Thiers was visibly affected at the interview with Rossel's father. So this morning it was still doubtful that Rossel would undergo the extreme penalty, and his friends were hopeful of a commutation. But all doubt was soon dispelled.

At six o'clock A. M., the prisoners Rossel, Ferre and Bourgeois were taken from their cells, brought to the camp of Sartory, and thence they were escorted by a large force to the place fixed upon for execution, in the outskirts of the camp.

On arriving there, a hollow square was formed by the troops, at one end of which the prisoners were placed. The behavior of the three men was most courageous. When the soldiers approached to blindfold them, Ferre refused to allow a bandage to be placed over his eyes, declaring that he should look his executioners in the face.

When all the preparations were completed, at 7 o'clock the company detailed for the duty advanced, and, levelling their muskets, at the word of command fired.

Rossel fell at the first discharge, instantly killed. The others were not so fortunate; the bullets did not take immediate effect, and as they were writhing on the ground, some soldiers of the shooting party, in obedience to instructions, came up with pistols and gave them the *coup de grace*, to put them out of their agony.

The bodies were then placed in plain coffins and immediately removed. The execution took place in the presence of three thousand troops of the line. A profound sensation was produced throughout the city by the details of the execution. The death of young Rossel is lamented even by those who felt that it was demanded by justice and the best interests of the country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AUGUST AND ELVIR. First volume of the August Stories. By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Rollo Books," "The Juno Stories," etc., etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by the Bible and Publication Society, 330 Arch street, Philada.

CYRILLA; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS ENGAGEMENT. By the Baroness TAUTPHOEUS, author of "The Initials." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL, monthly part, for November, contains "My Italian Adventures," "Dr. Semple's Opportunity," a new story by the author of "Valerie Aylmer" and "Morton House," an interesting sketch of Robert Browning, "Canandaigua Lake," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

OLD AND NEW, for December, contains "Day Dreaming," "Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other," "God With Man," "The Language of Brutes," etc., etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, for December, contains "Catholic America," "Memory and Absence of Mind," "Oxford in 1871," etc. Published by Hardy & Mahony, No. 762 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

ALEXIS ITEMS.

"Alexis neoktics" have appeared.

An attentive New York reporter records that "Yesterday was washing day in the Russian fleet."

Prince Alexis has engaged a new palace-car of the inventor, Mr. Pullman (now in Philadelphia), and intends to use it for a prolonged tour through the United States. He has engaged it for sixty days, but will probably need it for several months. He will live in the car, and so generally and sensibly enjoy himself.

☞ A druggist in New Hampshire threatened the local paper with a suit for putting an "i" in the place of an "a" in his advertisement of grape pills.

☞ PAINT AND COLOR.—Artist. "Have there been many artists down here this season to paint the fisherwomen?"

Old Lady. "Paint the fisherwomen! Bless yer innocence, it's their natural color!"

☞ "Nehemiah, compare the adjunctive cold," said a schoolmistress to her head boy. "Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

☞ HAIR.—The St. Louis Democrat publishes a letter from Knobnoster, Mo., in which is described a singular phenomenon. It says that at Knobnoster rain has descended continuously for two weeks, from a cloudless sky, the space moistened by the rain being only twenty feet in diameter. Numbers of people have witnessed the phenomenon. The writer asks for a scientific explanation.

☞ It is said that while the Chicago waterworks were out of order the milkmen distributed to their customers the richest milk ever enjoyed in that city.

☞ There are in Prussia nine executioners, whose annual income exceeds ten thousand dollars. They receive five hundred dollars for beheading a criminal.

THE GYPSY PARLIAMENT, which meets once every seven years, and consists of delegates from all the countries of Europe, is expected to assemble soon near Canstatt, in Germany. The king of this nomadic race is one Joseph Reinhard, who has reached the venerable age of ninety-eight years. He has had seven wives, and is the father of forty-five children. Our American idea of the whole gypsy tribe is rather unfavorable. They are regarded generally as a set of horse and chicken stealers, as few in numbers, and without organization or government. It is with some surprise, therefore, that we find that there are in Spain about forty thousand of these gypsies, in England more than eighteen thousand, while Austria has ninety-seven thousand, and Moldavia and Wallachia are the chosen homes of nearly two hundred thousand more. Their religion has been the subject of much unsatisfactory discussion. Perhaps the Hindoo saying, "There are seventy-two religions and a half in the world, the half being the religion of the Jhats (or gypsies,) comes as near to a correct definition as any.

☞ A singular and commendable case of honesty in a thief was shown last week at the Putnam County Circuit Court, Judge Gilbert presiding. It appeared that a person late one night entered a country store through a door which had been inadvertently left open, and proceeded to empty the money drawer. After accomplishing his purpose, the interloper looked around and discovered the keeper of the store fast asleep on the counter. Moved by a strange impulse he went up to him, shook him awake, and handed him back the money. Notwithstanding this extraordinary magnanimity the merchant preferred a criminal charge and the trespasser was lodged in jail. The grand jury, however, failed to indict him and he was discharged.

☞ When Connecticut criminals are condemned to death they issue cards of invitation to their execution and burial.

☞ A family in Defiance, Ohio, contains five doctors, a father and four sons, each of whom is over six feet in height.

☞ A farmer in St. Paul, Minn., has grown this year 100,000 bushels of wheat—30,000 of which he has sent to market.

☞ Two or three academic students recently took some ladies into the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven observatory to gaze at the pale moon. One of the latter observing through the telescope the jagged edge of the orb, exclaimed in raptures, "Oh, how divine! it looks exactly like Hamburg edging."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head, and sold at 6½@7c. 150 Cows brought $40@70 ⅌ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at 5@6½c. ⅌ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at $6@6.50 ⅌ 100 lbs net.

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This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by Ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. In removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Moth Patches, etc., its effects are almost magical. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD's preparations, this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility.

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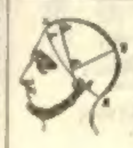

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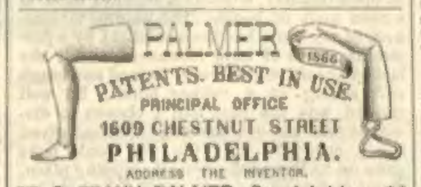

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23-13t

WIT AND HUMOR.

THINGS MIXED.

Some years ago, when the writer was a reporter upon an Eastern paper, it devolved upon him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and the description of a patent hog-killing and sausage machine, which had been put in operation at the factory. Now what made Rev. Dr. Mudge mad was this: The inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the forms of the paper got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press something like this was the appalling result:

"Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspicious hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the hog was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best piece can be procured for fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

ANCESTRAL WISDOM.

In Pennsylvania, not many years ago, dwelt the descendants of Peter Van Schrenbendyke, who had cleared his own farm, guarded carefully from the attacks of the Indians, and willed it to his son Jacob. The farm was transmitted in regular order from father to son, and at last became the property of Heinrich Van Schrenbendyke—a good-natured, stolid Teuton, whose son, Johannes, a bright and lively youth, of sixteen years, was told to saddle the horse and ride to the mill with a grist, and hurry back. The grist was on such occasions placed in one end of a bag, and a large stone in the other end, to balance it. Johannes, having thrown the sack across the horse's back and got the grist evenly divided, had no need of the stone to balance it. He therefore ran to his father, and cried.

"Oh, father, come and see; we don't need the stone any more."

The old gentleman calmly surveyed the scene, and with a severely reproachful look, said—

"Johannes, your fadder, your grandfadder, and your great-fadder all went to de mill with de stone in one end of de pag, and de grist in de odder. Und now you, a mere poy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. You put de stone in de pag, and never more let me see such smartness like dat."

A HORRIBLE JOKE.

The anecdote of Mr. Webster and his tooth-brush reminds a correspondent at Kingston, Ontario, of a little anecdote of the late Sir Alan Macnab, a Canadian celebrity. Sir Alan was travelling on one of the steamers on Lake Ontario. The state-rooms each contained two berths, and the boat being crowded, Sir Alan was allotted a cabin in which some other person was given the lower berth. On the morning after starting, Sir Alan, having over night placed his comb, tooth-brush, etc., on the wash-stand, was surprised, while lying in his berth, to see his fellow-passenger using his (Sir Alan's) tooth-brush; and, thinking it but fair to have a joke at the man's expense, jumped out of bed, and taking a basin of water, put his feet in it, and soaping the tooth-brush, began to wash his toes with it.

"Say, stranger," cried the horrified looker-on, "you don't use that brush to clean your toes?"

"Why, what else would you suppose I use it for?" was Sir Alan's reply.

"*Well, I'm darned!*" exclaimed the stranger, rushing from the state-room thoroughly disgusted.

The brush was given to the poor.

SPARE LEGS.—A little girl was standing at the depot to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank, "If the ears run off the track and any legs must be broken, I hope they'll be Mr. H——'s." "What's that for?" said the startled H——. "Because," she added, artlessly, "Aunt May says you have a pair of spare legs." The "all aboard" of the conductor prevented any explanation.

A VERY corpulent gentleman, travelling in Minnesota, was walking backward and forward in front of a tavern while the horses were changing. One of the gapers, an inhabitant of the place, had a mind to be witty; viewing the gentleman's person, he accosted him with:

"I see, sir, you carry your portmanteau before you."

"Certainly," said he; "I always think it requisite to have it under my eye when passing through a suspicious-looking place."

A JUDICIOUS SELECTION.—A Western editor was serenaded a few evenings since, and in the next issue of his paper complimented the serenading party on their "judicious musical taste in the selection of pieces." He was informed by a listener, after the publication, that they had played the "Rogue's March."

THE Chinese are the most jealous people in the world. They consider it sacrilege for a man to look with anything like a steady gaze at their wives. When a Chinaman's wife is so sick as to require a physician, she must not look at him. Around her wrist is fastened a silken cord, one end of which is held by the physician, who must not touch her hand or person, but ascertain the state of his patient's health from the almost imperceptible tremble of the pulsations as indicated by the cord.

A PHILADELPHIA reporter who interviewed Mr. Pugh, manager of the lecture course in that city, remarked that Anna Dickinson travelled over the country alone, and inquired if she had ever been insulted. Mr. Pugh replied: "Never but once. While travelling West she was asleep in a car at night, with her head resting upon her muff on the back of a seat, and a man sat down beside her and pressed her foot with his. Miss Dickinson wakened instantly, looked him full in the eye, and said, 'Do that again and I will call the conductor and have you put off the train.' The man went into another car."

☞ The new Russian uniform is said to be the costliest ever worn by an army.

☞ A man at Reese river, Nevada, sneezed so violently the other day that he dislocated his shoulder.

☞ The London Athenæum stigmatizes Powers' Greek Slave as "coarsely-wrought and crudely conceived."

☞ Point-lace neck-ties are now worn by fashionable young men in New York.

☞ A Colchester, Vt., farmer has raised a potato weighing three pounds and a half this season.

TWO WOMEN.

She held him in her bare, brown arms,
His baby face her own beside—
His red lips smiling daintily—
His dark eyes, startled, opened wide.
So like a high-born heir he looked,
In regal pride of babyhood;
His mother, but a gypsy tramp,
That by the village fountain stood.

My lady's carriage passed so close
The dust fell on the girl's dark hair,
Who frowned to note its coat of arms
And powdered footman, standing there.
A passion kindled in her eyes!
She worked the problem out with fate,
Why one should beg and starve and steal,
And one should ride thro' life in state.

My lady saw the boy look up,
With soft rare wonder in his face,
Nor poverty, nor dust, nor soil,
Could hide his beauty and his grace.
My lady clenched her fingers close
Above her bosom bitterly,
Where once a mother's heart had been,
And now was hopeless agony.

What story of a broken troth,
Of sorrow, shame, and weary days,
Was hers, who stood beside the well,
With anger in her bitter gaze?
God knows, not I. Unequal fate!
She envies gold and gems: heart-wild.
My lady fain would yield them all,
For this one gift, the gypsy's child.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 5.

CARRYING THE MAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Carried the mail? Yes, sir, for many years through a rough bit of country, too, as far as the population went. Came just as near being made venison of myself two or three times as could be and miss it. Recollect once going up from Paxton to a township sixty miles above, I had a right smart chance of being winged, to speak in a game way.

I had recently been promoted from a footpad and a lean mail-bag to a seat across the spinal column of one of those much-abused beasts known as pack mules. The reason of this promotion was the fact that for a year or more settlers had been pouring into that section of country, and the consequence was my mail became too heavy to be strapped longer across my shoulders. But with increase of mail my danger increased. Mail robbing has always possessed a charm for the ungodly; and many a night, thinking that I heard sounds of pursuit, I have had to slip off my beast, and—the path for miles at a time in the woody districts being little more than a trail—walked behind her with a cocked pistol in my hand ready for instant use.

To come back to this one night—I had stopped at dusk for a bite of supper for myself and steed at a wayside inn; in fact, it was a regular stopping place on my route, so that I had become familiar with every loafer of the place. This night there were more than usual. I noticed with a feeling of uneasiness that there were some strangers in the company. They seemed to be having a jovial time, and in the clatter among the tumblers and huge earthen pitchers, there was the jingle of small *corns* and small coins. One and another were treating the rest. I drank one glass, but absolutely refused any more.

"A pleasant night," said landlord Ben, following me to the door to see me mounted, "if the route were only good;" and he jerked his head towards the bar-room. For answer, I significantly tapped the belt containing my pistols.

He nodded, seeing that his hint was understood, and entered the house again, while I rode forward, thinking to myself that my very abstinence had betrayed me. The night was clear and star-lighted. I felt more uneasy than I had done for months, for my refusal to drink showed that I needed a clear head and a steady hand. My mail I knew was most valuable, as I had myself locked within the bag several packages of money to be delivered sixty or seventy miles beyond.

I didn't put my animal at her best pace, for I knew if they rode horses they could overtake me in a short time. Riding carefully, I listened towards the road which I had travelled.

I got forward as rapidly as possible, trusting to get across the level ground and come amongst that which was broken. It was my only chance for escape if pursued.

Before two hours I could discern that the ears of my mule were slightly pointing back, and by coming to a stop and listening intently, I could make out at intervals the sound of horses' feet.

My heart leaped nearly to my throat. I pushed on. I came upon a bit of land a little rough. Some distance beyond this was the river, or rather a huge fork of it, which I usually crossed upon a sort of grid-iron bridge, making a wide sweep northwesterly to reach it. The bridge was built in the narrowest and most shallow place of the fork. Below these, fed by numerous tributary streams, the water swelled out into the width and depth and swiftness of a river.

Once beyond the river, in the direction of the bridge and only fordable places, lay miles of open country, without a stone or bush to screen man or beast. The natural viciousness of my mule had been subdued by a persistent course of kind treatment, and if she lacked speed, she was well trained and tough and strong as a rubber horse. So well trained was she that had I chosen to dismount and remove the bags and had given her a cut with the whip, she would have gone on to Dixmont, my next stopping place, if not disturbed, as well as if I had ridden her. But would I do this? No. The rascals coming behind me would doubtless overtake and shoot her; and the man that has travelled the plains for years with no companion but his faithful horse or mule, would almost as soon think of abandoning his mother to her fate as to leave his steed to come to grief. No; I should cling to my mule to the last.

But time had been passing, and my ears educated to alertness beyond their natural quickness, could now distinctly hear the coming of the ruffians whenever a fitful breeze reached me from the rear. Whatever was to be done must be done immediately. A few moments more and it would be too late; but what could I do? Directly in front of me was a bare rock, one of those huge boulders that sometimes start up from the surrounding level land, as if it had been hurled there from some underground convulsion, or perhaps descended, like a meteor, from the mountains of the moon. This boulder was a hollow curve, facing the south and east, and lying closely to the direct route to Dixmont.

As if to perplex and add to the surety of my destruction, the Northmen at the Pole got up an illumination; but although the north was lighted with a fickle glow, the crescent side of the rock lay in shadow. It was the sudden idea of a great necessity to leap from my mule, back her into the curve, seize the hatchet that hung by the saddle, and dash back towards the way my pursuers were coming. At the distance of thirty feet stood a clump of bushes—two or three short shrubs, two or three taller ones. One stroke upon each with the hatchet laid them low; another stroke sharpened them wedge-shaped. These I dragged back to where my animal stood. At a word of command—I have told you that she was well trained—she lay flat down in the curve of rock. I then shoved the sharpened ends of my trees, or shrubs, into the ground, just near enough together to hide her outline—just far enough apart not to excite suspicion. I then crouched close under her neck, for I had laid her flat by pulling her legs out straight, with my thumb and fingers of the left hand holding a firm but not irritating grip of the velvety gristle of her nostrils, and with my pistol in the other hand, waited the denouement.

Had they ridden that route before enough to know and remember that no clump of bushes grew close up to the rock? Would the Northern Lights betray our position? Would the mule sustain the unnatural restraint in silence?

Like lightning these thoughts, these questions, flashed through my mind. By this time they were coming close upon us. Meanwhile, with fiery bubbles bursting in the atmosphere before my strained vision, and glancing at my pursuers, I muttered, "The cowards! four hours hunting one quarry home."

They dashed on silently, and I could see the leader in his half-risen, half bent position, gazing ahead. Just opposite me there was a sudden unlooked-for movement, and with the utmost difficulty I restrained a yell of horror as one of the company drew the left rein in a sudden dash, came directly towards our place of concealment, circled the rock and drove in with the others. If the suspense had been more than of a moment's duration, it seems as if I must have died. One motion of the mule, the faintest rustle would have betrayed us to instant death.

In five minutes they had swept beyond the vision in the shadows of night: in ten minutes I had my mule get her feet under her, and then dashing straight off to the right I made for the river at break-neck speed. I could not count on an hour's respite. So soon as they should be sure that I could not be before them, they would dismount and hunt for the trail.

Weary and panting my beast brought up on the banks of the fork. Ten feet below us the water swollen by late rising, roared feather white over its rough and obstructed bottom. I urged my mule to the very brink, I urged her in. She shuffled about on the verge and refused to obey. I thought that I caught a boding sound to the left. I buckled the bags over my head to keep them above the water, and struck her with my heel. With a pitiful cry she made the plunge into the very centre of the flood.

I expected her limbs would be broken upon the snaggy bottom, or myself pitched over her head, but a kind Providence intervened. She rose snorting upon the yeasty flood, and swam down with the current. And what a ride! She floundered over brushwood and snags; her shoes once in awhile, clicking upon the hard bottom in the eddies, but she floundered on for three-quarters of a mile, and then I headed her for the bank, but we couldn't get up together if we died. The tide was swift, and the bank washed away, and shelly, and there seemed to be no foothold; but guiding herclose up to the bank, I caught at some roots and so drew myself up, and then essayed to haul her up by the bridle. Finding the bank crumbling under my weight, I let go of her and she plunged away down the flood. Freed from my weight, she soon came to shoal water and scrambled up the bank like a cat. Following down the shore I found her shaking the water from her hide. I mounted and got over the level country as rapidly as possible, coming into Dixmont with my valuable matter just at daylight, being two hours later than my usual time of arrival.

CHASING THE SMALL-POX

The Pittsburg Chronicle says:—"A night or two ago a man in the Tenth Ward, delirious with the small-pox, arose during the momentary absence of the nurse and watcher, drew on his pantaloons and a pair of slippers, and seizing his loaded revolver, which he kept in his room, ran out upon the street. Immediate pursuit was made, but whenever the pursuers drew near, the pursued effectually scattered them by turning and presenting the revolver. The physician who attended the patient joined in the pursuit, and overtook and caught hold of the fugitive, but the latter stopped, and presenting his pistol full in the doctor's face, said 'Now I've got you worse than the small-pox has got me.' The physician, it is almost needless to say, let go his hold. The patient stepped back, and as he did so one of his slippers came off. He stooped to replace it, and as he did so the physician dealt him a blow on the neck, which laid him low. In an instant the pistol was wrested from him, and in a moment more he was overpowered and on his way back home. Those spectators who had not had the small-pox regarded the chase through a field-glass.

THE HUSBAND.

Ladies sometimes do not value their husbands as they ought. They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the house, the corner-stone of the edifice, the keystone of the arch called home. He is the bread-winner of the family, its defence and its glory—the beginning and ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it—its consoler, its law-giver and its king. And yet we see how frail is that life on which so much depends. When he is taken away, who shall fill his place? When he is ill, what gloomy clouds hover over the house! When he is dead, what darkness, weeping, agony! Then poverty, like the murderous assassin, breaks in at the windows; starvation, like a famishing wolf, howls at the door. Widowhood is too often an associate of sackcloth and ashes. Orphanhood, too, means desolation and woe.

"THOUGHT IS FREE."

—*The Tempest.*

MISS MINERVA BRISTLINGTON (fiercely).—"'*Honor* and *obey*,' indeed! Ha! ha! I should just like to see a man ask *me* to '*Honor* and *obey*' him!"

["*I'm no doubt you'd like to see him* very much indeed!" thought the two Miss Marigolds—but they didn't say so.]

The Maddening Mechanism of Thought.

Our Brains are seventy year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows, and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple the pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machines with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday? Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos? that they jump from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath? that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a case that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking-vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them by one crash. Ah, they remembered that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery? Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium, they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up and we cannot touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.—*—Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE TURQUOISE.

The turquoise in mediæval times was supposed to be endowed with many wonderful properties. Boetius De Boot relates a number of sufficiently marvelous stories respecting this stone, as coming within his own experience. "The turquoise is believed to strengthen the sight and spirits of the wearer," he says; "but its chief commendation is its protective influence against falls, which, as everybody is assured, it takes upon itself, so that the wearer escapes all hurt—a property beyond the scope of reason. I can solemnly affirm that I always wear one in a ring, the nature of which I can never sufficiently admire." He then proceeds to relate the manner in which he became possessed of this ring. A neighbor who had been in the habit of wearing a turquoise ring of great beauty, died. His property was put up for sale, and the elder De Boot purchased this ring and presented it to his son. To the great disappointment of the latter, however, the gem had become pale and faded; so much so that, as he expresses it, he thought it scorn to wear so unsightly a gem, and took it to an engraver to have his coat of arms cut upon it. This done, he wore the turquoise ring as a signet. What was his surprise to find the stone gradually recovering its color, and that at the end of the month its azure hue was restored. But the wonder did not cease here! De Boot was traveling home to Bohemia from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when, in the dark, his horse stumbled, and fell with his rider from a bank on to the road ten feet below. Neither horse nor rider was the worse, but when De Boot washed his hands the following morning, he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger half reset and continued to wear it, when again he met with an accident which was likely to have caused him a broken bone, and again the turquoise took the fracture upon itself, and had to be reset once more. After such proof who could doubt? Not De Boot himself, evidently. The turquoise has always been a favorite gem for the betrothal ring, the fashion having had its origin in the belief that the permanence of its hue would depend upon the constancy of the donor.

AMERICAN WIT ABROAD.

An English paper says:—"A story is told which may be commended to Parisian gentlemen as containing a valuable hint. Two Americans were dining with two ladies at a a hotel in Baden-Baden. A Russian Prince, who wished to pick a quarrel with them, purchased two bouquets and sent them to the American ladies with his compliments. The Americans glanced pleasantly at the Russian, and sent him by the waiter who brought the flowers, two Napoleons. The offender was, it is added, so chagrined that he left the room. It is thus shown that people who have abandoned duelling, may be by no means so defenceless against personal affronts as might be supposed."

YEARNINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

'Twas when the eve stole softly in,
And tipped the fleecy clouds with gloom,
I sat me down in pensive mood,
Within the shadows of my room.

And sighing sadly, there recalled
The wasted moments of my life,
The slow defeats, the high resolves,
The struggles in the weary strife.

And then, I planned to measure well
My moments, and mete out my time,
That all the future might be spent
In making life a thing sublime.

Alas! so hackneyed we become,
Our judgments our best acts despise;
And though we seek, we cannot find
Wherein their boasted virtue lies.

But when to nobler stature grown,
Our souls enlarged to fairer scope,
Then possible to us may be
The work with which we aimless cope.

THE QUEEN'S LOVER.

A very eccentric and famous man died in a hovel in the St. Giles quarter in London, the other day. Thirty years ago he was one of the most celebrated men in England. He was a chimney sweep, and he, like Fechter in the play, "loved the Queen." He became so infatuated after the then young and fascinating royal lady, that he climbed down the chimney of St. James' Palace a number of times, but escaped when chased, save on one occasion. Then he was taken as he was about to enter the Queen's apartments, and shut into Tothill street prison. As soon as his time was up, he tried repeatedly again to see the Queen, and the police took the matter in hand. He was arrested, taken into Gravesend, embarked on board the Diamond, and sent to Australia. He lived for many years at Sidney, but was allowed to return to England about five years ago, always desperately enamored of the Queen. His remaining years were spent in miserable poverty. A fortnight since, a rumor was one day started in London that Queen Victoria was dead. He heard it just as he was retiring to rest, uttered a groan, and died instantly. The unfortunate being's name was Edward Jones.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

A. B. L., (St. Peters, Minn.,) writes: "Excuse me for troubling you, but as you have offered to tell all kinds of things to all kinds of people, I hope I may venture. I have been on the stool of repentance for something on which I prefer not to be explicit. It has set me to wondering what is the Stool of Repentance. I want you to tell me in your next—that is if you can and will." We will certainly try, for fear that it may be our turn next to sit on that uncomfortable stool. It was a low stool which was placed in front of the pulpit in the Scottish churches, on which persons who had incurred ecclesiastical censure were seated during service. At the end of the service they had to stand on the stool and receive the minister's rebuke. It has been used in some cases in this century.

VESPER (Dover, Del.) writes: "I am anxious to know who were the Minnesingers, and the Mastersingers. I know that they were the early poets of Germany, but wish to know why they were so called, and the distinction between the two terms. Please inform me in your next." The Minnesingers were the earliest lyric poets of Germany. Their period was the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Love was the principal subject of their songs; whence the name, minne being the ancient German for a faithful love. Some of them were poor, and earned their living by reciting their songs; but the most of them sang merely for pleasure. The Mastersingers flourished during the three succeeding centuries. With the rising of the burgher class in the free cities of Germany, poetry became a trade, like any other, and guilds were formed, consisting of master-singers and their apprentices. This poetry made to order is not very valuable in a poetic point of view, though it has its historic interest.

RURAL (Ohio) asks: "When is St. Martin's Summer, and what does it mean? and will you please tell me the origin and meaning of the saying, 'When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war?' through correspondent's column, and much oblige." St. Martin's Summer is the period which is known here as Indian Summer. Its connection with St. Martin comes from the fact that the feast of St. Martin occurs on the eleventh of November, and that this "Summer" begins about the same period. The second phrase comes from the drama of "Alexander the Great," by Nathaniel Lee. It refers to the obstinate resistance of the Greek cities to the Macedonians under Philip and Alexander. The true rendering is, "When Greek met Greek then was the tug of war."

ROMANCE (Elmira, N. Y.) says: "I am desirous to learn what is meant by the 'San Grail,' or the 'Holy Grail,' I have read poems describing the search for this thing, whatever it may be. Will you be kind enough to inform me of the meaning of the term?" The San Grail is the cup out of which our Saviour drank at the Last Supper. It is fabled to have been subsequently filled with blood, flowing from His wounds on Calvary; and to have been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. The quest of this lost relic was the object of many of the fabled adventures of the Knights of the Round Table, and we are told that Merlin, when he made the Round Table, left a place vacant for the San Grail.

CURIOUS (Carlisle, Pa.,) says: "Among the many great persons and things that one meets in reading, I want to know who was the 'Great Unknown,' and who originated the 'Great Unwashed.' By informing me upon these points you will confer a favor." The Great Unknown was Sir Walter Scott. So much interest was excited by the anonymous publication of Waverly, and so many guesses were made as to its author, that this title came to be applied to him. The "Great Unwashed" first appeared in the pages of the same author. The phrase proved so happy that it has been very widely employed since.

R. P. (Delaware Co., Pa.) asks: "Will you be so kind as to inform me if there is not some tradition or superstition connecting the Oak and the Ash with the weather? Also I would like to know if the story of there having been a female Pope is true." It is said that if the Oak gets into leaf before the Ash we may expect a fine and productive year. If the Ash gets first into leaf the summer will be cold and the autumn unproductive. There are English statistics, embracing 30 or 40 years of the present century, in which the above rule appears to hold good. The story of Pope Joan is probably altogether a fabrication. It did not appear until a century or two after the date assigned to this apocryphal Pope, and then in the pages of a doubtful writer. Gibbon says, "Two Protestants, Blondel and Bayle, annihilated her."

J. F. F., (Omaha,) writes: "I have read much about the 'Sands of Life,' particularly in the advertisements of that celebrated physician whose sands of life were so long running out. Now what are the sands of life, and what has sand to do with life? Also, I would like to add queries as to the meaning of the words 'Scagliola' and 'Wraith.' I hope you will consider it no trouble to answer my questions, as I am anxious to get at the bottom of these matters." The phrase "Sands of Life" refers to the hour glass, in which the passage of time is marked by the flowing of sand from one compartment of the glass to the other. It therefore simply means the flight of time, and is thus applied to the passing of human life. Scagliola is an imitation marble, made from gypsum and Flanders glue. The material is studded with dust and chips of marble; whence the name, from the Italian *Scaglia*, having the same meaning. The idea of the Wraith is a Highland superstition. It means the spectral appearance of a person about to die. It is supposed to appear to persons at a distance and forewarn them of the event.

SCHECHIAH (Brownsville, Texas,) writes: "I have always perused with infinite pleasure the columns of your valuable paper, but am now especially pleased with your answers to correspondents. Without intending any fulsome flattery, I beg to say that I have never been able to understand how it is that in a brief life-time any one can arrive at so much excellence in answering questions. I certainly admire the profound judgment that dictates such replies, and believing that you 'turn none away empty,' I have come to deposit my bundle of complaints, and seek a panacea for the place that hurts. The old, old story. I am in love; and consequently poor, for none but poor people love. I have been engaged for two years. Circumstances are such that the engagement cannot be prolonged but a few days. I am not, under the circumstances, ready to marry. Still I cannot willingly give up the idol of my heart. If I am not deceiving myself I should never recover from the ill effects it would produce. I have been terribly exercised about the matter, and am not able to arrive at any satisfactory determination. A being in love is a fool, you know, and my question is: 'What must I do to be saved?'" You make us feel like Goldsmiths Country Schoolmaster—:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

After such complimentary language we are sorry that we cannot help you out of your trouble. But you seem to be in a dilemma, with two very sharp horns, on one or the other of which you are bound to fall. Are we not correct in supposing that the lady has grown tired of the length of the engagement, and wishes to break it? If so, you had better marry her at once, if separation is likely to so seriously affect your happiness. Poverty is often more easily cured than regret, and if you both really love, it need not make you miserable to be poor. Still, if you are so poor as not to be able to support a family, and see no reasonable hope of speedily being otherwise, perhaps you had better endure the ills of single life, than fly to the terrible evils of a poverty-stricken home.

S. B. L. (Bartonsville, Vt.) writes: "I avail myself of the privileges of your correspondents' column to ask if you did not, nearly, if not quite, thirty years ago, publish a story entitled, 'The Captive Conqueror?' I think it was in your paper, but it may have been the Saturday Courier. My mother took the paper, but I was quite young, and she has gone from among us. The heroine was a Circassian lady, taken prisoner with others, who, in turn, captured the heart of her conqueror. I should like very much to see it again in print. I think it was a story of the East, and that the scenes were, some of them, laid in Persia." We do not remember such a story, and would not know where to look for it without positive knowledge of the date of its publication.

VERA (Lancaster, Pa.) writes: "There are so many new discoveries heralded of late years, and so few of them that prove worth the paper they are printed on, that a body does not know what to believe. There is a friend of mine has cancer, and has been advised to try Cundurango. I have seen mention of this as some new discovered South American plant, said to be a specific for this disease. But before my friend tries it, I would like to have your opinion upon it. What kind of a plant is it? What proof is there that it will cure cancer? Have any cures been made in this country? Or is it not, as I am inclined to suspect, simply some new quack remedy, whose inventor has taken this shrewd way of getting it before the public? Answer soon and oblige." Whether the medicine in question is a specific for cancer remains to be proved. The name Cundurango means "Eagle Vine," probably from the aspiring habits of the plant, which climbs to the tops of the highest trees. It flourishes in moist places, as by the banks of rivers. There are several species of the vine, each of which exudes a milky juice, which thickens, and has an aromatic resinous odor. There is a romantic story that its virtues were discovered by an Indian woman, who sought to end the sufferings of her cancerous husband, with a decoction of the plant, which was considered poisonous, but, instead, cured him of his cancer. We do not stake our credit on the truth of this story. As to its virtues, Vice President Colfax testifies that it cured a very bad case in his family. Our experience does not agree with his. A lady friend of ours, who has long been very low with internal cancer, tried it a few months ago. She experienced temporary relief for a few days, but soon lost its effect. She was, however, willing to try the cure, and this need not deter your friends from it. It may prove efficacious.

O. K. S. writes: "Among the many questions sent in letter to correspondents column of October 7th, I did not put the second question so that you could understand its meaning. Therefore, I do not yet understand why a slower ball should scatter splinters, or why a faster ball cuts them; which we know is a fact." It is probable that the fast ball cuts through the wood so rapidly that its effect on the wood in front of it has not time to extend laterally; the fibres of the wood yielding so that a round hole is cut. With a slower ball the strength of the fibres is not so quickly overcome, and they tend to separate rather than be cut. Thus the slower the ball, the more the wood tends to split, and to be torn off in splinters. It is simply that the slower the ball, the more time has the force of disruption to spread laterally.

W. T. (Lattasville, Ohio,) writes: "As a subscriber to the Post, I will claim the privilege of asking a question. I am not deeply in love, and ignorant how to get out, as most of your correspondents in this department seem to be. But in matters relating to love, courtship and marriage, I have so far been able 'to paddle my own canoe.' The question which I wish to ask is: What entitles a man to have the term Honorable prefixed to his name? Does a seat in Congress give him a claim to this handle to his name?" The term is applied to Governors of States, Judges, Members of Congress, and other public functionaries. The possession of a seat in Congress does entitle a man to be considered honorable, so far as the title will make him so. It depends upon himself whether he can claim to be considered honorable in any other sense.

RIDDLER.

CHARADE.

The wind was fierce, the waves ran high,
The smugglers fear'd the threatening sky.
As they were all afloat.
With desperate zeal the helmsman strove
To touch my *first*, a sheltered cove,
Unknown to man or boat.

They reach'd (full late) the welcome strand;
Behold the *craft*, the *crafty* land,
With many a chest and jar.
The chief cried "Home!" All hands obeyed.
Save one, who as my *second* stayed,
And watched both near and far.

Hark! 'twas the alarm! Forth rush the gang:
Oh! hear the clinging cutlass' clang—
Anon, a fearful groan.
My *whole* had them all day in sight;
And deadly work there was that night
Beneath the shivering moon.

PROBLEM.

A offers B as much of a circular field, 80 rods in diameter, as he can take by building a fence 30 rods long, terminated each way by the circumference of the field. How must B build his fence to get the greatest possible quantity of land—and how much can he get?

ARTEMAS MARTIN,
M'Kean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the first chicken of a brood like the main-mast of a vessel? Ans.—Because it is a little forward of the main hatch.

☞ Why can the pall-bearers at a young lady's funeral never be dry? Ans.—Because they have a gall on a bier between them.

☞ What fish has its eyes nearest together? Ans.—The smallest.

☞ How many dog-days are there? Ans.—As many as dogs, as "every dog has his day."

☞ When is a beau's arm like the Gospel? Ans.—When it maketh glad the waist places.

☞ Why is an ear of wheat and an oak similar in origin? Ans.—Because they both spring from a corn.

☞ Why is a pleasure-trip to Egypt fit only for very old gentlemen? Ans.—Because it is a see-Nile thing to do.

☞ In what condition is a beer-barrel when it resembles old-fasioned curtains? Ans.—When it's tap is dry (tapestry.)

☞ Why is a waiter like a race horse? Ans.—Because he runs for plates and cups.

☞ Apropos of a kitchen—what is the best day for making pan-cakes? Ans.—Fry-day!

[Of course; and allow us to add that pan-cakes should be always eaten on a *Chess*-day, and washed down on a Thirst-day.]

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE—Liquor-ice.
WORD SQUARE—

C A T
A R E
T E N